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Vol. CXX. No. 1568 FEB. 8, 1930. THE EMPIRE'S ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY

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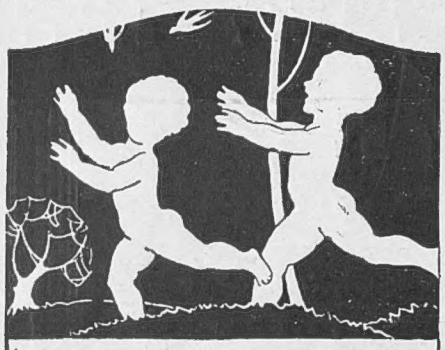

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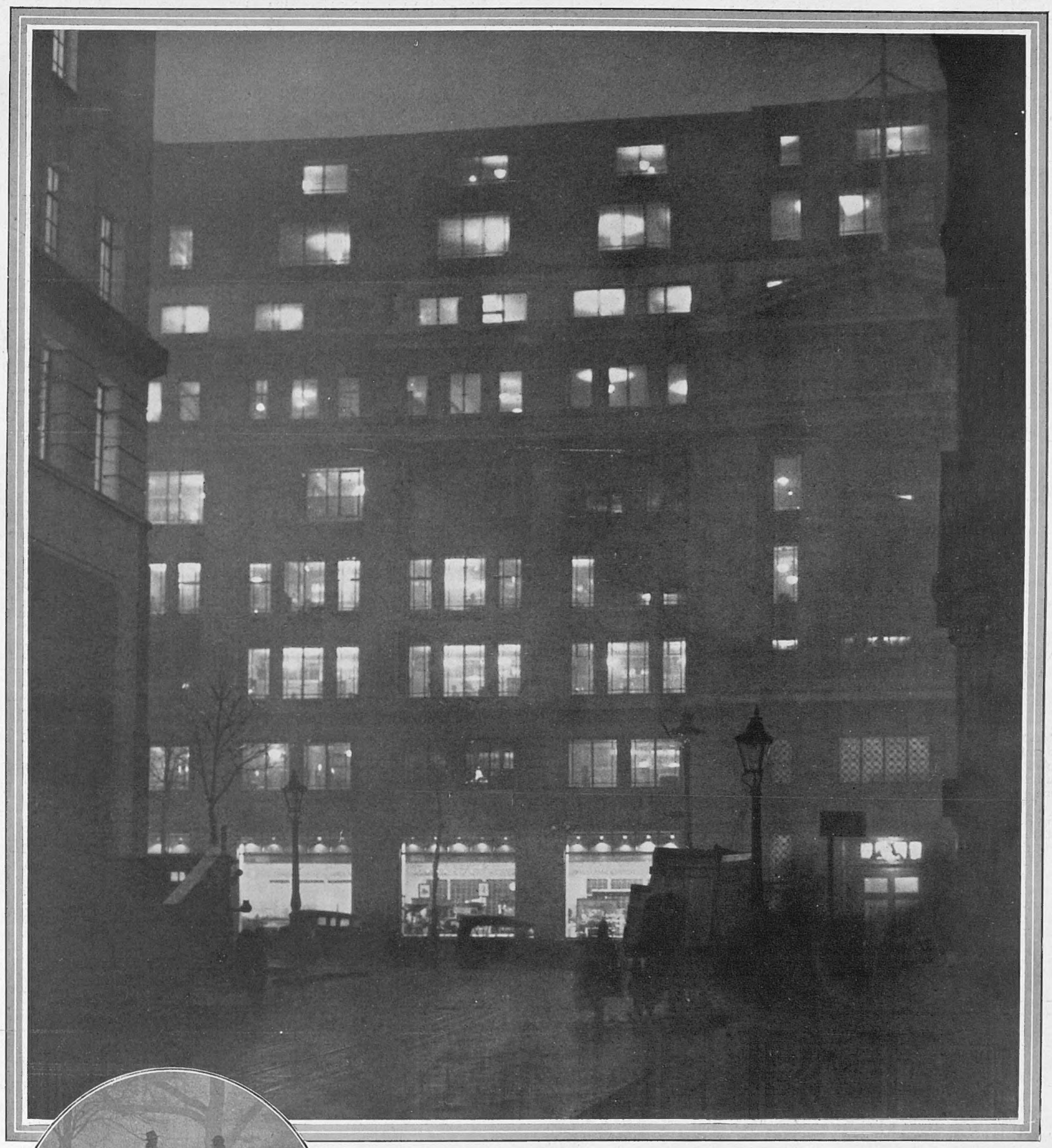
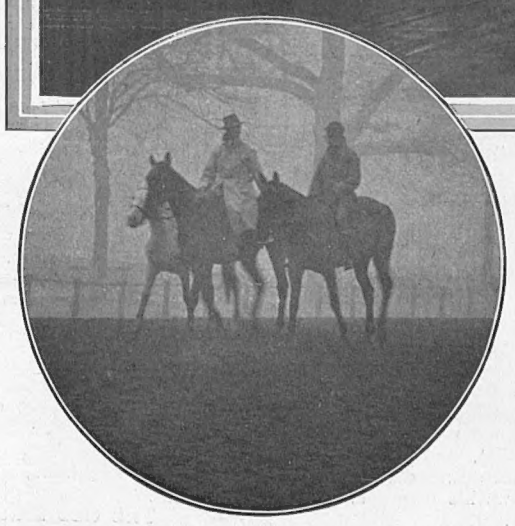




LOOMING THROUGH THE MIST: A vivid scene in the Row when London was enveloped in the modern and expurgated edition of the "London Particular"

DARKNESS at MIDDAY— A FEBRUARY FOG

A vignette of the Metropolis during the day of darkness it experienced last Monday

The traditional fogs of London, commonly yclept "pea-soupers" and "London particulars," when the whole city was plunged into obscurity for days at a time, are, to all intents and purposes, things of the past. With the electrification of the Underground a severe blow was struck at the power of the Misty King and modern industrial conditions have almost entirely completed his defeat. Occasionally, however, we still get a faint reminder that he is a foe still to be considered. Such an one visited London last Monday. Unlike the fogs of yesteryear, however, it was less a fog, in all but the City proper, than a darkness which transformed 11 a.m. into 11 p.m. for upwards of an hour

A London Newsletter.

DO STAGS PLAY TENNIS? Miss Betty Nuthall is such a frequent visitor to Richmond Park and so firm a friend of the deer there that it seems probable that they do. Miss Nuthall is now going in for serious training for Wimbledon

INVERESK HOUSE, STRAND, W.C.
Wednesday, February 5, 1930.

Dictator succeeds Dictator.—Primo de Rivera had not Mussolini's genius—for publicity at any rate; and I regretted to find that, when last week the announcement was made that the Marqués de Estella had made a prudent exit from an embarrassing and dangerous position, several expensively educated persons of my acquaintance failed to realise that the well-known name of Primo de Rivera was being sponged off the topical slate. His authority had been slipping from him for a long time, and he devised a very unstatesmanlike expedient for escaping from his harness with dignity. His appeal to the army discredited him finally with the public and revealed his own weakness to the army. So he cut and ran. Spain has been muzzled for six years, deservedly at first, too rigorously of late; as none realised better than the ex-dictator whose efforts to turn an absolute dictatorship back into a constitutional government were constantly hindered by forces beyond his control. Nothing became Primo's dictatorship so little as his method of ending it. He has done good service to his country, especially during the first critical post-War years; and if now, under his successor, a veteran, a man of the people, a true friend of the King, Spain enjoys again a period of reasonably constitutional government, Primo's will towards, and part in, that happier state of things must not be forgotten. It would do no harm to Spain now, if the King, whose courage and experience of statecraft are recognised generally, is suffered to play a larger part in State affairs as a constitutional monarch.

Naval Occasions.—The early part of last, the second, week of the Naval Conference revealed the difficulties which lie in the way of any but a partial advance to all-round disarmament. The scare-mongers were busy with rumours of bomb-shell objections and demands, and the optimists saw in the decision to scrap finally the suspended work on the two new cruisers definite indication of progress already attained. But that decision came as no great surprise in official circles, and was doubtless hurried on by pressure from Mr. Snowden, who is now seriously facing the question of meeting the piper's demands in April. The earlier of the week's meetings were in fact normal and dull, neither hopeful nor the reverse, very boring for England, America, and Japan, very tiring for M. Tardieu and Sig. Grandi. The public has discovered that the Conference will go on a long time and that the threads and shades are so delicate that the needlewomen hesitate to engage until the sky is clearer.

Departmental Cuts. — Here is a fancy picture of how the departments are dealing with economy pressure from the Cabinet. Take the War Office as an example.

THE WAR MINISTER *(to the military chiefs)*: You must cut one and a half millions.
THE MILITARY CHIEFS: It can't be done. We have been through every available estimate.
THE WAR MINISTER: It must be done.
THE MILITARY CHIEFS: Very well, then. You must go into the figures yourself and indicate. . . .
MR. SHAW: My time is fully occupied with parliamentary. . . .
THE CHIEFS: Not at all. You are paid for this job.

Mr. Shaw succumbs. He and Mr. Shinwell and Lord De La Warr (uneasily floundering) examine interminable departmental accounts and estimates for a week. Result: The Chiefs are vindicated. No purely military economy is ascertainable. The civilian elements in the Service must be further axed. General inference for cutting: Any and every effort at economy must enhance the unemployment crisis.

A Conservative Policy.—When these lines are in print, the Conservative Party will have the elements of a policy and Mr. Baldwin will have shaken off a part of his reproach, the mud slung at him by the hastier among his disappointed followers. Mr. Baldwin will have perhaps announced his engagement to the old-young person with whom he has been walking out since last November. In embracing the Empire, Mr. Baldwin stops prudently short of Lord Beaverbrook's passionate caress, but he hands out a Valentine bearing this variant of an old cryptogram,

"On S.G. the best poll I see."
(S.G. standing for Safeguarding).

There are some who think that the bitter lesson of *Safety First* dangers should have been learned by now, and that the days are past for any further compromise, and that the Conservative Party should be handed over, bag and baggage, to Lord Beaverbrook for overhaul and repair. And last week Members had an opportunity to examine the Crusade issue and range themselves in regard to it.

Robert Cecil Centenary.—The third of February was the centenary of the birth of Robert Arthur Talbot, third and prematurely born son of his parents, who became third Marquess of Salisbury and very famous, and died in 1903. Every schoolboy is familiar with his public achievements and there is little new ground to break in a centenary notice. I shall content myself with asking whether he ever achieved a better stroke in his life than when he overcame family opposition and married Miss Georgina Alderson. The influence of an able and good woman, placed in a position from which it is possible to wield power, to direct, to mould, to weld, seems to me capable of outliving the works of men. It is an intangible, elusive thing with the endurance of steel. The House of Cecil has known several wonderful women who have influenced their generation and maintained Hatfield as a centre of taste and a transmitting station of example and high ideals. The wife of the third Lord Salisbury was such an one. I can think of no woman in *public* life who can ever hope to wield the influence or leave the mark which that Lady Salisbury unostentatiously wielded and left. Nor any great lady in private life with whom to compare her, unless it be her successor and daughter-in-law.

Oxford Preservation Fund.—Every Oxford man in London must, every wise man will, book early for the matinée performance which Sir Nigel Playfair is organising at the Haymarket on February 25 in aid of the Oxford Preservation Fund. The cause is so admirable, dear to the hearts of all Oxford men and all men of taste. And the fare to be provided is worthy of the cause and its supporters. For positively we are to see on the stage Max Beerhohm's gorgeous burlesque, the unfinished masterpiece of "Savonarola" Brown. At last we shall see what Florence looked like in that famous thunderstorm which brought out Michael Angelo, Cellini, and Boccaccio into the street, induced Andrea del Sarto to appear for a moment at a window, and Pippa positively to pass. I hope that Sir Nigel himself will play Pippa. He will have a cast of skilled Oxonian players, and many famous Oxford writers will contribute special items. I have already tried to impress on all Oxford men, especially on those who are just going down, their obligation to contribute to the Fund. And here is a godsent occasion for every lover of Oxford and its threatened beauties to combine with pure pleasure the performance of their stark duty and service to the University which made them.

MEMBERS OF A DUCAL HOUSE: The Duke and Duchess of Devonshire with all their grandchildren. They are—Lord Burlington, Lord Andrew Cavendish, Lady Elizabeth Cavendish, and Lady Anne Cavendish, the children of Lord Hartington; Miss Arabella Mackintosh and Master Michael Baillie, Master Peter Baillie, Miss Judith Baillie, the children of Lady Maud Baillie, who has been twice married; Master John Cobbold, Miss Pamela Cobbold, and Miss Jean Cobbold, the children of Lady Blanche Cobbold; Master Maurice Macmillan, Miss Caroline Macmillan, and Miss Catherine Macmillan, the children of Lady Dorothy Macmillan; Master David Stuart and Master John Stuart, the children of Lady Rachel Stuart

B.B.C. Dictatorship. — Certain thoughtless persons have already voiced the strongest objection to Sir John Reith's obstinate refusal to give the public what it wants in the matter of B.B.C. programmes. He will continue, as of old, to slip the Gregory powder of uplift into the jam of recreation. We shall still be forced to taste "some tendencies in eighteenth century literature" with each dozen mouthfuls of broad farce and to continue our education without tears by that half and half method of "high brow on light fantastic toe" which Mr. Harold Nicholson pursues so lamentably in his topical talks. I simply detest listening to Mr. Nicholson. He can "write like an angel but he talks like poor Poll" through the loud-speaker, and it is pure tragedy to hear him. But that is a side issue. Sir John is a man of iron character, who is also a dreamer, an idealist, and a practical organiser. He is not afraid of making enemies and he knows his own mind. I myself am with him.

Mr. Nicholson.—The Gadarene swine were determined to have their own way, but it wasn't good for them. Only last week I condemned the insane policy of those who direct British drama and weakly give the public what it wants, instead of educating it to aspire higher, I only wish that Sir John would be still more uncompromising, and in his allocation of B.B.C. time between the educated listener and the uneducated masses, allow the former to enjoy his little daily nip undiluted. Then I should have a real but restricted use for my wireless. Popular education, knowledge without tears, is about as satisfying for a square meal as marron glacé and minced veal. Mr. Nicholson is prostituting his ability and getting no praise from either of the two discordant elements which comprise his listeners. On paper always he is something better than a clever sixth-form boy. He is capable of better things in the B.B.C. padded cell.

Old Parchment. — An old conveyancer, when charged with the pursuit of a very dreary profession, admitted the truth but added the rider, "But you sometimes get a *thrilling* mortgage." More and more old parchment deeds are being scrapped to make those lamp-shades and artistic boxes which we give as wedding presents to our less intimate friends; and a day will come when a man will suddenly observe the unmistakable signature of William Shakespeare silhouetted over his electric bulb. And that will be a thrilling deed indeed. There is a tendency to consider that we have extracted from relics of the past all that we shall ever learn of the history of past centuries, but the tendency is not observable among scientific antiquarians who know that history is being constantly revised in the light of new researches and discoveries among the treasures of old chests and galleries and muniment rooms. And people who still possess old parchments should be chary of selling them or scrapping them merely because they are troublesome to read. An interesting Dickens letter, by the way, came to light last week from a drawer in a desk at the Bell, Aston Clinton. It had lain there forgotten for eighty years. There are in England to-day 1,000 drawers containing buried treasure. Search them carefully.

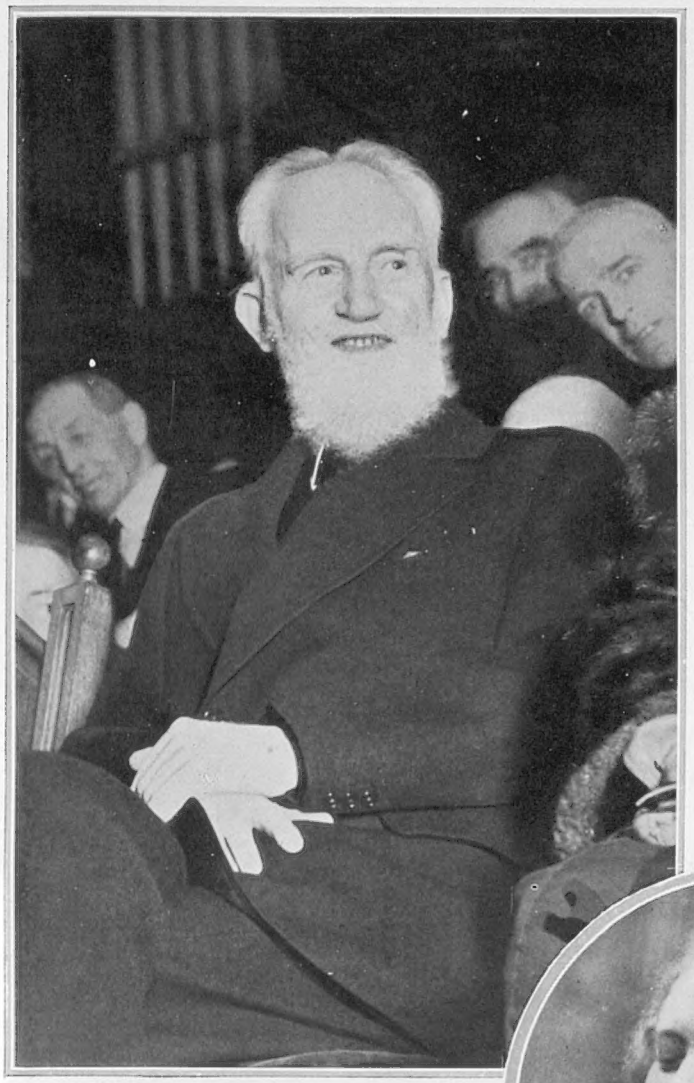
The I Z. Book.—I have been studying the latest edition of the book of I Zingari, recently published. As a humble member of that glorious fraternity, still flatteringly retained in the active list, albeit better fit for "candidature for the asylum of aged and decayed Zingari," I turned the pages with interest and with appreciation of the constant evidences of the undiminished wit and poetic fire of our "Governor, first wicket down," Lord Dartmouth. The book records the known history of the club's astonishing creation at the Blenheim Hotel in Bond Street in 1845; prints the charming acknowledgments by the army and navy chiefs of the honour of receiving the Freedom of I Z.; records the famous I Z. dinner under the Studd mayoralty; the I Z. song; and the various membership lists. It is a valuable—a unique—record of one of the few athletic clubs that bears no taint of commercialism or professionalism.

The Australians.—I cannot recall an occasion when the announcement of the Australian team selected for the tests did not evoke a bitter controversy. Your cricket journalist has so little straw to make his bricks that when somebody else seems to drop a brick he fastens on it greedily. And the Australian public, like ourselves and all people of strong character, can always do a job better than the authorities responsible for doing it. Personal vendettas will not affect the choice of a test team, for in a frivolous world cricket at least is a serious subject. I shan't join issue on this cricket controversy, for May Day in the apple blossom county, where Australia's team will open their tour and shoulders, seems still a far-away dream.

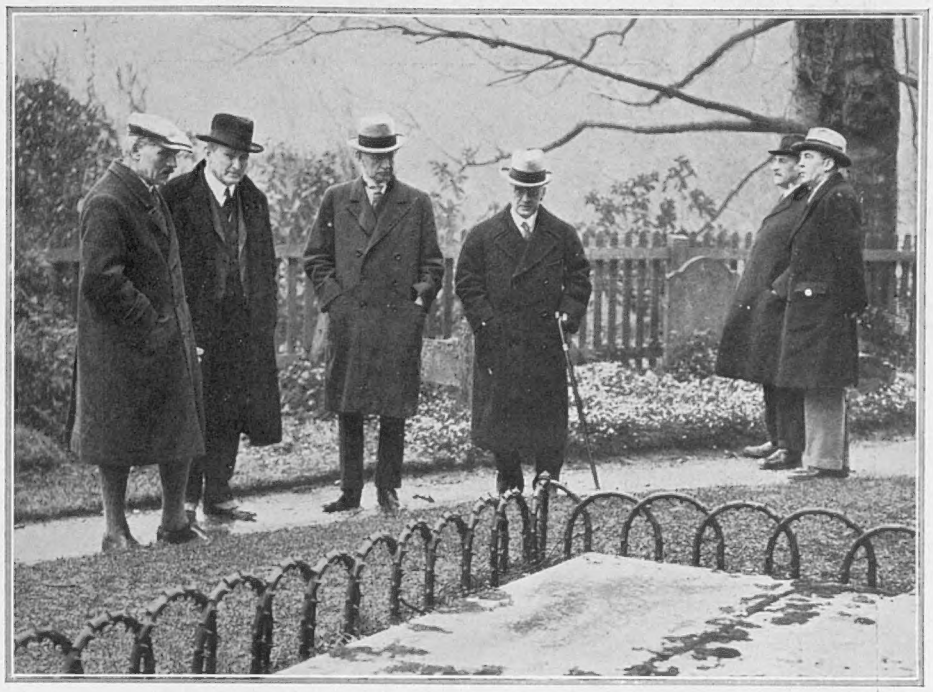
THE OLD STAGER.

In the PUBLIC EYE.

Mr. Shaw, The Prime Minister, Lady Mary Grahame, The New Master of the Temple, Flight-Lieut. D'Arcy Greig, and Sir Harry Lauder



ON BEHALF OF A NATIONAL THEATRE: *Mr Bernard Shaw, who, with Lord Lytton and Mrs. Philip Snowden, broadcast an appeal from the Kingsway Hall this week*



THE PRIME MINISTER AS CICERONE: *Mr. Ramsay MacDonald escorts the American delegation to the Naval Conference to the grave of John Hampden, at Hampden, Bucks*

In circle—LADY MARY GRAHAME: *One of the bridesmaids to Lady Margaret Douglas-Hamilton*

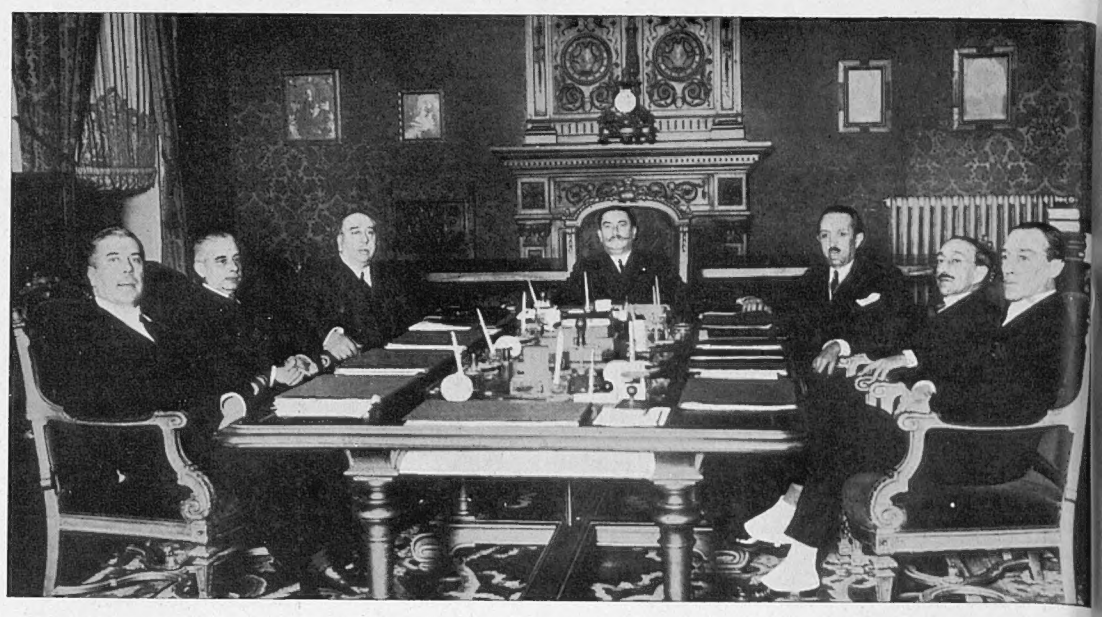
THE MARRIAGE OF A SCHNEIDER TROPHY HERO. *Flight-Lieut. D'Arcy Greig, who ranked third last year, with his bride, formerly Miss Lorna Dean. They were married at St. Barnabas, Bexhill*

A "ROYAL" MEETING: *The King of Comedy, Sir Harry Lauder, and Mr. Paul Whiteman the King of Jazz, met in Hollywood, where Sir Harry is making a film. It is said the Scot gives away only a smile!*

On left—THE NEW MASTER OF THE TEMPLE: *Canon Spencer Carpenter, who has been royally appointed to the office left vacant by the resignation of the Rev. W. H. Draper*

SPAIN IN THE THROES OF CRISIS

THE AFTERMATH OF RESIGNATION: A newspaper kiosk in de Alcala Street burned by students of the University Federation for selling a Catholic journal which commented unfavourably on Primo's resignation



THE NEW CABINET: The first meeting of the virtual rulers of Spain under General Berenguer

The world at large was staggered last week to hear of the resignation of the Dictator, Primo Rivera, who has for the past six years wielded absolute power in the constitutional monarchy of Spain. For some time the Marquès de Estella has been losing his authority and in a despairing attempt to bolster it up he appealed to the seventeen Captains-General, asking their advice on the question of his resignation. The text of the question and the answers he received are not known, but on receipt of the replies the effect was unmistakable—resignation. The new Cabinet took office with a minimum of excitement throughout a country notoriously inflammable on questions of public interest. The new Cabinet, seen above, comprises Don L. Matos (Public Works), Vice-Admiral Carvia (Navy), General Marzo (Interior), General Berenguer (Prime Minister and War), Don J. Estrada (Justice), Don M. Arquelles (Finance), and the Duke of Alba (Education).

BEAUTY ALL OVER THE MAP

MISS AUSTRIA: Fräulein Dely Schmidt, who was elected in Vienna

MISS INDIA(?): Miss Sawacha, who may be India's first competitor

MISS CZECHOSLOVAKIA: Mlle Dostalova, who has just arrived in Paris

MISS SPAIN: Señorita Elena Pla Mombo, who is to go to Rio

MISS POLAND: Mlle Sophie Batyoka, who will represent her country

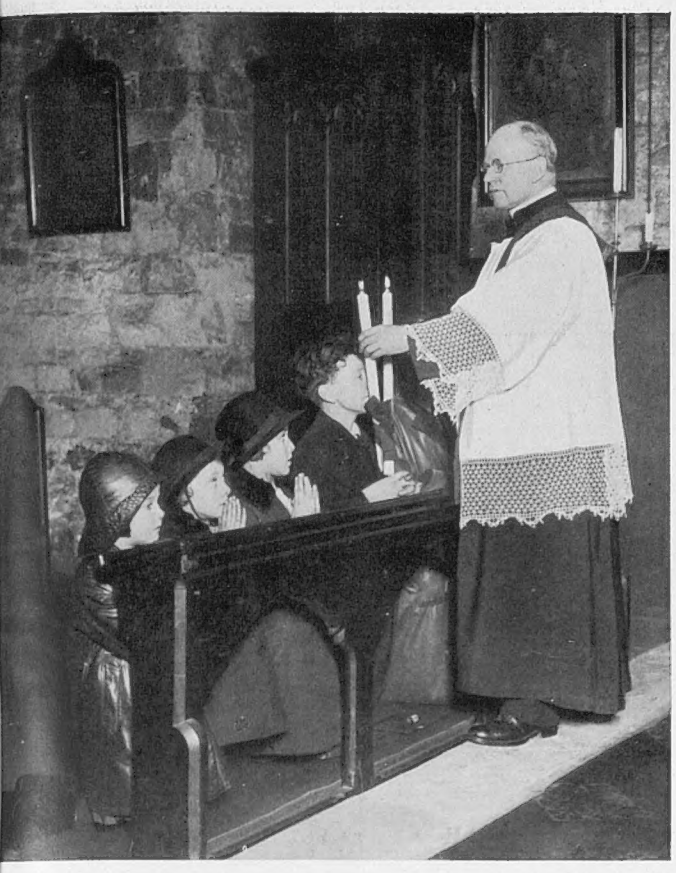
SUN AND RAIN ON THE RIVIERA

OBVERSE: The crowded promenade at Nice, where the sun is the greatest of many attractions

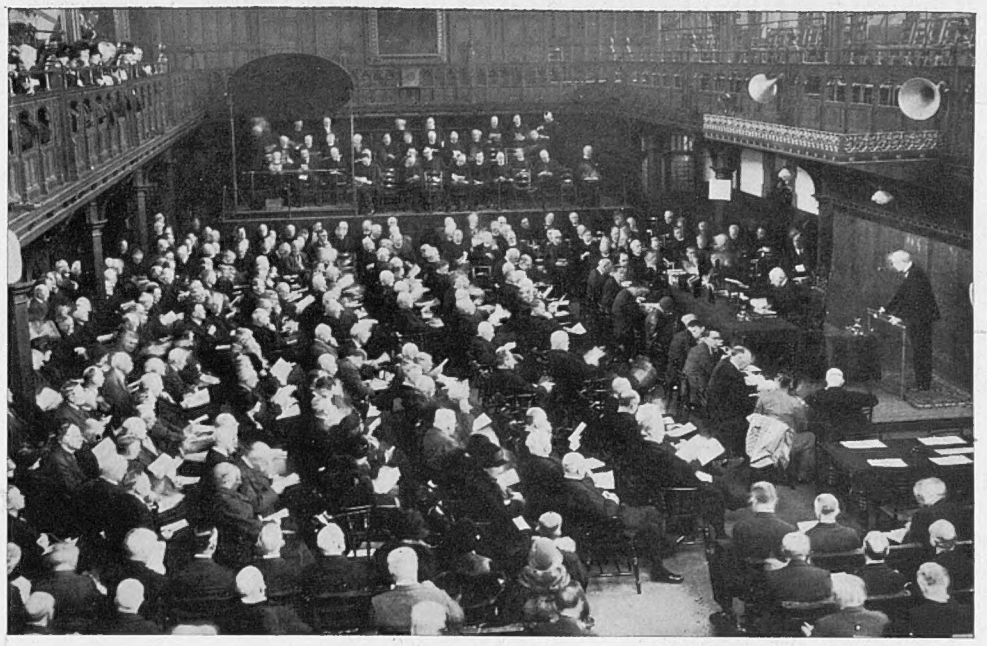
REVERSE: A scene of reflection on the Cannes - Mandelieu road, the result of heavy rain

The Riviera is pre-eminently a place of sun, but it, in common with the rest of the world, has its ups and downs, climatically speaking. Heavy rain has flooded parts of the Côte d'Azur, rendering it a veritable place of reflections. The rain, however, dries up quickly and the great pleasure resorts are thronged

CATHOLIC AND PROTESTANT



THE BLESSING OF THE THROATS: The unique ceremony in St. Etheldreda's Church, Ely Place



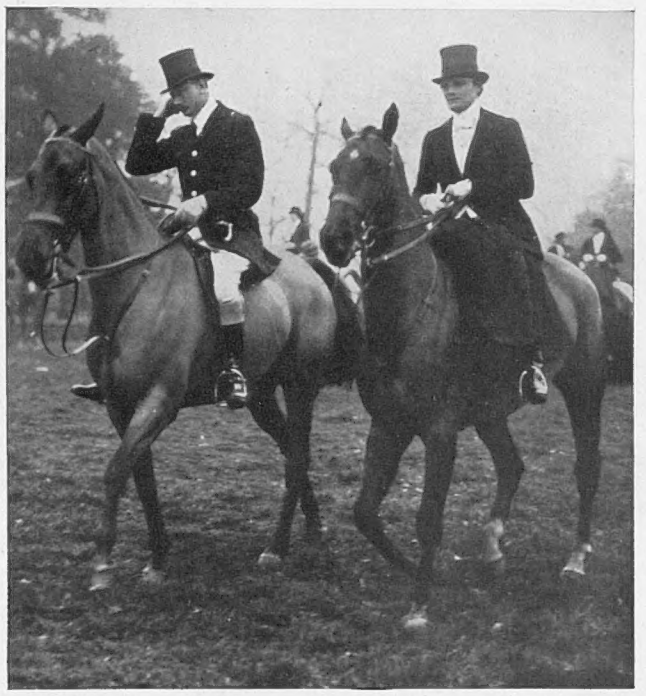
THE CHURCH ASSEMBLY: A view of the Spring Session at Church House, Westminster

Singers, actors and actresses, business men, and invalids, of all creeds, were among the hundreds who knelt at the altar rails of the Roman Catholic Church of St. Etheldreda, Ely Place, Holborn, recently to receive the Blessing of the Throat, associated with St. Blaise. Two priests in white robes administered the blessing. The throat of each of the kneeling people was touched with two blessed candles joined together in the form of a St. Andrew's cross, while a priest murmured the words, "May the Lord deliver thee from all ills of the throat."——The Archbishop of Canterbury presided at the Spring Session of the Church Assembly held at Church House, where many matters of note are being discussed.

RUNS WITH THE QUORN

HEAVY GOING: Captain Lloyd Thomas, Lord Blandford, and Captain Euan Wallace

ALMOST IN HIS ELEMENT: Lord Beatty in nearly liquid ground



ROYALTY AND ARISTOCRACY: The Duke of York with the Hon. Mrs. Greenall

Heavy going has characterised the majority of runs of late, as may be seen from the three pictures above of the meets of the Quorn at Old Dalby Hall and Hungarton. The Duke of York was out at the former, Lord Beatty at the latter

ENTRIES IN THE MARRIAGE STAKES

A MARRIAGE DEFERRED: The Duke of Westminster and his fiancé, Miss Ponsonby, at Rouen. Their wedding was delayed for a week

WORTH TEN MILLION POUNDS: Miss Margaret Couzens, the daughter of Senator Couzens, who eloped with Mr. W. J. Chowning, a bank clerk

"WHO EVER LOVED . . .": Lady Doria Hope, the daughter of the Duke of Newcastle, who has known her fiancé, Mr. F. Childe, only a couple of months

AN ENGAGEMENT OF NOTE: Lady Millicent Taylour, daughter of Lord Headfort, and Mr. H. F. Tiarks, scion of a banking house

GAS MASKS IN THE NAVY: A scene on board a battleship where explosion gases are a grave peril

The Menace of GAS Warfare

THERE SEEMS LITTLE DOUBT THAT GAS WILL FORM A FEATURE OF THE NEXT WAR—IF ONE SHOULD UNHAPPILY EVENTUATE. THE WHOLE POSITION OF GAS IS REVIEWED IN THE ACCOMPANYING ARTICLE

By ARTHUR MARSHALL

The civilised nations agreed at Washington in 1922 not to use substances that poison the air, and these have been banned by the League of Nations, but amongst those who have really studied the subject there are few who believe that any war on a truly large scale will be fought in the future without "gas" being resorted to first by one side and then by both. The Powers no longer have research institutions specially to develop this sort of fighting, but as they doubt the good faith of their possible opponents, they have laboratories and factories and large staffs devoted to working out methods of protection against gas.

Now gas-masks and other protective appliances cannot be designed rightly unless one knows the sort of gas that one's opponents are likely to use; therefore such an institution must always have a branch consisting of scientific specialists who keep themselves right up to date in these matters. Moreover, small quantities of the various "gases" must be manufactured in order to test the appliances. The new gas protection departments do not therefore differ much from the old gas development departments.

Before the Great War public opinion was even more strongly opposed to the use of poisons than it is now, but there is evidence that the German authorities had seriously contemplated their employment at quite an early date. In order to create a favourable atmosphere, at any rate amongst their own people and the neutral nations, reports were spread that both the English and French were firing projectiles filled with poisonous substances. As regards ourselves, at least, this was, of course, absolutely false, but many Germans still believe it. It is not alleged, even by our late enemies, that either we or the French had at that time done them any actual damage by such means. The accusations were supported by quoting some vague statements in our newspapers that we had some wonderful new shells in preparation which would inflict incredible devastation on our enemies, but these statements seem really to have been made in the belief that some explosive could be produced many times as destructive as picric acid (otherwise lyddite) or T.N.T. (trinitrotoluene), and they were thus trying to hearten their readers and themselves. It need hardly be said that no such explosive has been discovered.

This aspect of the matter is mentioned as showing what may be expected to happen if there should be another war on the same scale. After all, there seems to have been quite as strong an objection in the fourteenth century to the use of gunpowder and fire-arms, but it did not prevent their adoption. Curiously enough, the gun also seems to have been introduced from Germany.

Those who believe that gas warfare can be stopped may call attention to the fact that there have been a number of small wars since 1918, and that in practically all of them the belligerents refrained from resorting to it. Without wishing in any way to impugn the high moral character of the foreign rulers and army commanders concerned, we must remember that one of the first principles of gas warfare resulting from the experience on the Western Front is that gas is effective only when used in considerable concentration over a considerable area, as otherwise more injury can be inflicted by an equivalent quantity of high explosive. It is therefore better to keep to the older methods unless one has available plenty of transport, numerous guns, and vast quantities of gas shells.

These conditions are not fulfilled in the ordinary small war. Soviet Russia has created a large gas warfare department, and has been engaged in a number of small wars with various neighbours, but we have not heard that it has derived any benefit from the use of gas. It seems improbable that the Russians have been restrained by scruples, so we must conclude that the conditions were found to be unsuitable to the use of this new arm. The Spaniards were reported to have used shells filled with mustard gas in their campaign against the Moors in Morocco, but as their troops then tried to advance over the shelled area, they suffered more casualties than their opponents. The French, who had had extensive experience of gas during the Great War, did not use it in Morocco.

Lethal gases are not really more inhumane than high explosives. It is true that severe injuries can be inflicted by them, but those caused by H.E., or even by bullets, are generally worse. Of those who were gassed in the War the great majority recovered entirely, which was not the case with wounds or even with diseases brought on by exposure and nervous strain. The object in all warfare is to put the enemy out of action, and a weapon which only does so temporarily, and afterwards leaves him fully capable of carrying on his civilian life is more humane than one that maims him for life more or less. The objections to gas are based principally on prejudice against what is new and comparatively unfamiliar.

It is remarkable how new weapons of offence soon call into being methods of defence which neutralise them to a considerable extent. Even the submarine campaign against the merchant ships of the world, which nearly destroyed us, was eventually met by adopting means based upon the vulnerability of the underwater ship. So gas attacks were rendered comparatively ineffective by various defensive measures, of which the most important was the wearing of gas masks.

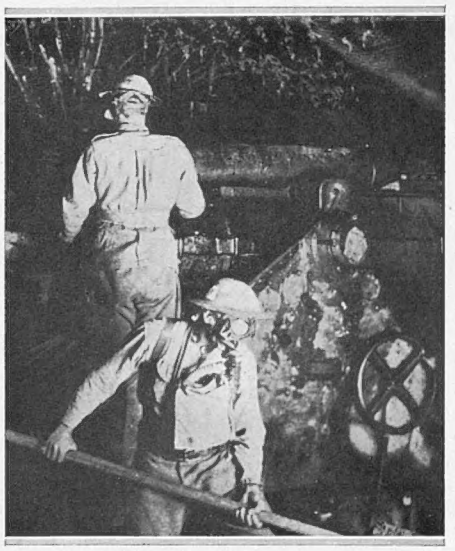
Most of the masks used in the War were very uncomfortable and reduced seriously the fighting value of every soldier who had one on. A Frenchman, Professor Tissot, in 1916 produced a mask made of moulded rubber in which the circulation of the incoming fresh air and the exhaled stale air were arranged in a very clever way so as to produce a minimum of discomfort; a man may quite well forget that he has such a mask on. The mask, however, is difficult to manufacture and production had not reached a large scale at the end of the War.

It has been developed further since in several countries; the United States Army, for instance, was in 1919 provided with a Tissot mask combined with a respirator box copied from the English war-pattern, filled with charcoal, chemicals, and filtering appliances to purify the inhaled air. When manufactured on mass production lines the cost of this mask is not prohibitive, and it may be considered to have solved satisfactorily the problem of protecting the lungs and face against all known lethal gases.

In future the soldier will not be impeded much by having to wear a mask, but he will have to add it to all the other equipment that he has to carry and be drilled as thoroughly in its use as in that of his rifle. If nothing is said here about British activities in this direction, it must not be concluded that nothing is being done, only that we are much more secretive about these matters than most foreign nations.

The objection to the use of lethal gases is due largely, perhaps mostly, to the fear that bombs will be dropped from air-craft on the cities far from the front. If another great war should unhappily break out, whole nations will be organised for it even more completely than they were in 1918, and it will be contended that it is therefore justifiable to attack the civilians in their own homes. It is to be feared, then, that air-craft may again be sent out on long-distance bombing raids. Will they drop gas bombs as well as H.E. and incendiary projectiles? It is doubtful whether moral considerations will prevent this, but the effects would not be as terrible as many people have imagined. Mental pictures have been formed of whole towns being poisoned off by the dropping of a few bombs, but protection is not so very difficult. Anyone actually spattered with mustard gas would be seriously injured, but not so much so as if he were near an explosive bomb when it burst. If people go indoors and shut all the windows and other openings, they can stop there for many hours until the raid is over and a special gang provided with masks and protective clothing has cleared the poison away. If the windows have been broken by high explosive it may be necessary to retire to a cellar or even to a more distant house. It is not possible for aircraft to impregnate a whole district with poison gas if they are at the same time being attacked by fighting planes and anti-aircraft guns. Still less can they break all the windows in the same area, for bombs cannot be dropped with the same precision with which shells are fired.

It will be seen, therefore, that air-raids would not be rendered much worse by the use of "gas."



GOBLINS OF MODERN WAR: Masked gunners serving their piece during a gas-shell bombardment

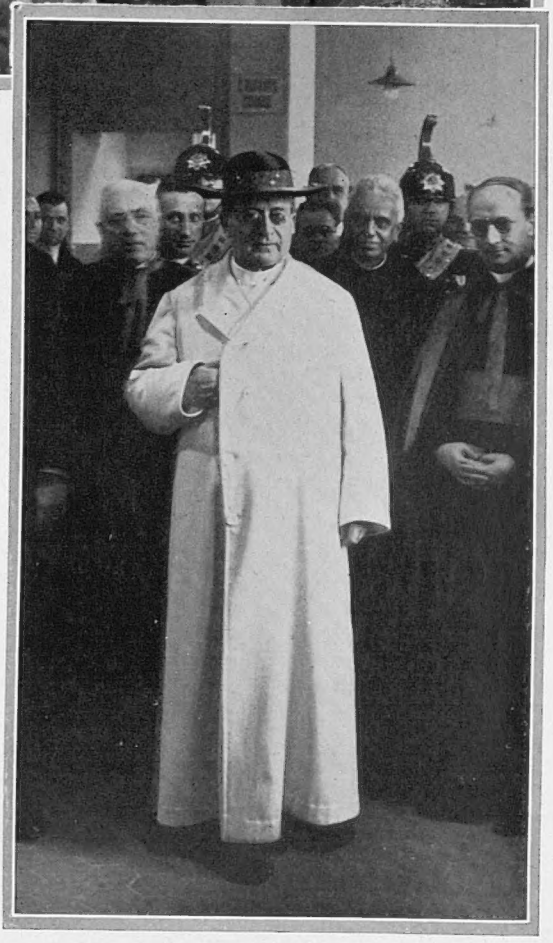
PROTECTION FOR HORSE AND MAN: Gas masks are fitted to the few horses left in the Army

THE SUCCESSOR OF PRIMO: General Berenguer, a distinguished soldier, who has stepped into the shoes vacated by the "Spanish Mussolini"

HONOUR TO THE GENERALISSIMO: The serried ranks of the troops when the memorial tablet to Marshal Foch was unveiled at his home in Vincennes

On left—A FAR FROM BARGAIN BASEMENT: £100,000 worth of curios once belonging to the Romanoffs, including a service marked with the crest of Alexander III are in the basement of Messrs. Wartski

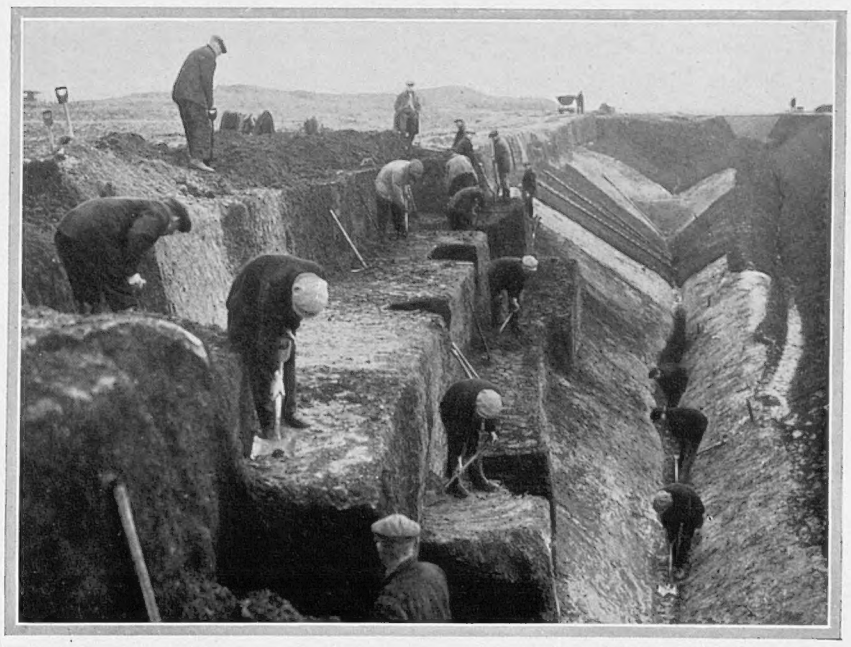
DANGER TO THE BRITISH MUSEUM: A bomb was found under a watchman's chair in the Indian Room. The source of the attempted outrage is a mystery



THE INAUGURATION OF THE VATICAN JOURNAL: His Holiness Pope Pius XI with the officials in the printing works of the new Vatican newspaper

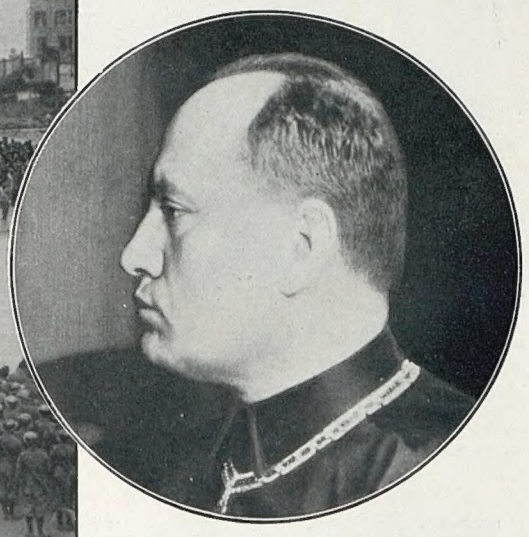
The **NEWS** *in* **PICTURES.**

A NORSE FESTIVAL IN THE SHETLANDS: The festival of Up Helly Aa (The Last Day of Yule) took place at Lerwick, Shetland Islands, recently amid great enthusiasm. A replica of the old Norse galleys was built at a cost of about £100, and at the close of a torchlight procession, in which over 300 torches were carried by the "guizers," the galley was burned, in keeping with the old Norse custom, when the dying chiefs were sent to sea in a burning galley on their way to "Valhalla"



WORK FOR THE UNEMPLOYED: Many old castles are being excavated — among them Richborough Castle, Thanet, where Roman remains are being unearthed

FASCISMO'S EIGHTH BIRTHDAY: The great review of the "Blackshirt Militia" held by General Barbiera in Rome on the eighth anniversary of the foundation of Fascismo



IL DUCE: A striking new portrait of H.E. Benito Mussolini, the god of Italy's idolatry

POMP *and* CIRCUMSTANCE.

FASCISMO STILL TRIUMPHANT AFTER AN EIGHT-YEAR REIGN: 100 YEARS OF GREEK INDEPENDENCE CELEBRATED: HONOUR PAID TO THE MAN WHO STARTED THE WAR

THE CENTENARY OF GREEK INDEPENDENCE: Premier Venizelos with Mme Venizelos and the President of the Chamber watch the classical Greek games in honour of the centennial of independence achieved in no small measure by the aid of Byron

"THOSE THAT WERE THE NEAREST AND THE DEAREST TO THE SLAIN": Gabriel Princip's mother and sister at the ceremony staged by the survivors of the Serbian Black Hand which organised the assassination

PRAISE GIVEN WHERE ONLY BLAME IS DUE: The unveiling of the tablet at Serajevo to Gabriel Princip who assassinated the Archduke Francis Ferdinand and plunged the world into four years of war

PERSONALITY—and some who POSSESS IT.

A ROYAL UNDERGRADUETTE: *Princess Juliana of Holland with other students at the thirtieth anniversary celebrations at Leyden University*

AN AMERICAN WEDDING IN LONDON: *Mr. D. F. Malone and Miss E. L. Johnson, a noted beauty once of the U.S.A. stage*

MARRIED IN SALISBURY CATHEDRAL: *Lady Margaret Douglas-Hamilton with her fiance, Mr. James Drummond-Hay, and a favourite hunter*

THE COMMODORE OF THE WHITE STAR FLEET: *Commodore William Marshall, D.S.O., appointed A.D.C. to the King in 1926*

On right—AN ARTIST OF FRANCE: *M. Van Dongen, with Mme Mallet Stevens on the promenade at Cannes*

On right—A FILM STAR SHINING IN LONDON: *Miss Jacqueline Logan, who will play opposite Mr. Ivor Novello in the screen version of "Symphony in Two Flats"*

Below—MR. LANSBURY'S GRANDCHILDREN: *Mrs. Edgar Lansbury, daughter-in-law of the "Office of Works," with her twin sons*

THE DOYEN OF THE ACADEMY: *Sir David Murray, R.A., President of the Royal Institute of Painters in Water Colour, celebrated his eighty-first birthday surrounded by floral tributes*

Lady Drummond-HAY

writes on

WORLD AFFAIRS...

An Intimate "Causerie" on Items of International Interest

Above: *Cincinnatus of Spain: Primo de Rivera, who for the past six years has guided the destinies of his country, has now resigned his dictatorship*

Below: *An Investigator of the dope question: Russell Pasha, whose revelations at Geneva are startling in the extreme*

THE HUMAN DICTATOR.—With the retirement of General Primo de Rivera, Marquis of Estella, holder of seventy-two titles, there passes from the international political stage the most amiable, human, natural, and kindly of all the Dictators who reign to-day.

Primo de Rivera has been Dictator of Spain for the last six years because he had more energy, character, and forcefulness than anyone else in that easy-going land of sunshine. He exhibited none of the erratic tendencies of Pilsudski in Warsaw. Was not the recluse that the sinister Stalin is within the grim walls of the Kremlin in Moscow. Shows none of the actor's talent or sense of the dramatic which is Mussolini's in Rome.

In the freedom and enjoyment of life, in disdain of personal danger, in moving about without pomp or guards, Primo de Rivera was more like the eighteen-years-younger Kemal Pasha in Angora, but without the latter's ruthless determination.

There is a very human, kindly side to Primo de Rivera. He has reigned through six difficult years in Spain. It is no mere coincidence that not one political execution took place during that period, and that no special laws were decreed for his personal protection, as has been the case in Italy. Compare with that the wholesale executions in Russia, in Turkey, and the Island of the Exiles in Italy.

In 1925 I visited Primo de Rivera in his military headquarters in the war against the Riffs in Morocco. I accompanied him on an inspection ride of a sector of the front near Tetuan. At the front was Karl von Wiegand, the famous American war correspondent. He had been accidentally hurt and was nearly insane with pain. Primo de Rivera took him in his own car and rushed him to a Red Cross station, where the correspondent was given morphine injections. As that failed to alleviate his agony, the Dictator cut short his inspection tour and rushed von Wiegand to the military hospital at Tetuan. At the edge of Tetuan we came to a battery of artillery engaged in desultory firing. "Target practice," smiled Primo de Rivera. By that he meant that the battery was trying to dislodge a Riffian gun firing from the mouth of a cave in the mountain overlooking Tetuan. "Some salvoes for the lady," he commanded. They were given with a will.

I have seen Primo de Rivera in tears, On the crude station of Tetuan he was bidding farewell to a battalion returning to Spain. To the dismay of his stiff Spanish guard, he ran down the sand platform, shaking hands with any hand he could grasp as the little train chuffed-chuffed away into the distance. Turning to me, who had run with him, he said chokingly, "My brave boys — what do you think of my boys?" Months later, I sat with him in Madrid, the day after a serious attempt on his life. He joked about it and went to a public restaurant that very evening.

THE CONFERENCE.—Is it to laugh or to weep? The greatest Naval Conference in history presents the extraordinary picture of five of the Allies in the World War against Germany, Austria-Hungary, Bulgaria, and Turkey, now meeting in London as five rivals, suspicious, mistrustful, of one another, each seeking to draw the other's teeth, self-extraction to follow.

Each protests friendship, professes sublime confidence in everlasting peace, fears war. Suspicion, mistrust, fear, in the last analysis, form the basis of the Conference, which as failure, or as compromise labelled "success," will go down in history. Fears, not friendships, held these five Allies together in the War. Fears more than friendships bring them together now in London.

A Royal Democrat: Prince Farouk of Egypt, whose education is conducted on Occidental lines

Britain, America, Japan, France, Italy, are the five remaining sea powers in the world. No other nation could or would risk attack on sea against the commerce, coast, or navy of any one of them. It follows that when they speak of possible war it means war amongst these Big Five allies against Germany, rivals amongst themselves—fear of war of one or more against one or more of the others in this the world's remaining group of sea powers. Brothers, signatories of the Briand-Kellogg pact of solemn renunciation of war, four of them signatories of the no less solemn Covenant of the League of Nations, they evidently do not trust their own vows, have no faith in the vows of others, regard these highly extolled documents as little more than "scraps of paper." The Big Five come together in London each to persuade the other that it would be safer all round if he would scrap some of his navy, at the same time, each advancing reasons why he should have as big, or bigger, navy as the next. As if wars were created by inanimate armaments and guns and not in the human mind.

—AND THE CONFERRERS. — America demands the end of "Rule Britannia," insists on replacing it with "Rule Columbia," or at best for a time "Rule Columbia — Britannia" — two jealous women! With the brutal might of gold that is hers, she threatens to "build up to the next." And she can—and would. So big, so strong, so rich and yet so fearful!

France, poor unsophisticated, timid Marianne, shouting "Security, security," utterly defenceless with only the ring of fifty nations cemented together in the high Briand-Kellogg wall around her with all its occult protective powers, reinforced by the magic peace-maintaining properties of the League of Nations—all at her disposal. The assurances pledged in the orange-blossom-crowned Locarno Treaty by Britain, Belgium, Italy, that they will rush to her aid the moment that bad boy Germany gets naughty; her four little brothers, Poland, Czechoslovakia, Jugoslavia, Roumania bound by military alliances to come to her aid if her home be threatened. A little army—it is only the largest in the world—all her own. A few submarines—only one hundred, not to speak of a few aeroplanes and bombing squadrons more than any other country possesses. Yes, dear Marianne, we all understand your trembling. It is dreadful to be so defenceless. I fear you will never have that feeling of perfect "security" until you have recovered what you lost at Trafalgar.

And Mussolini! He wants a big navy too. Also has "national needs." Afraid some pirate will steal his beautiful boot. True the leg is long. It could be cut off. Parity with France—on paper—for your public. But one day some one might lend you money to build up to it. You are a dashing chap. Marianne is seductive, knows it, doesn't like you, is afraid of you. You do make such awful grimaces.

Japan! Charming, modest, courteous, patriotic little Geisha. Sensitive, most reserved and retiring of all. Wants less than three-quarters of as many big cruisers as America and Britain may have. An Island Empire, like Britain, she has real need of a navy. Perhaps that is why I have much understanding and sympathy for her very difficult, sociological, economic, and political problems in the Far East. Were it not for the fears of my compatriots, the Australians, that you might transform parts of the arid regions of Australia into blossoming cherry-gardens, I would say why not 70 per cent. of what the others have if you want to pay for the big toys. Yes, I know, for defence only. America or Britain might turn pirate.

Britannia! Most modest of all, as a hostess should be. Does not really know what she wants. In fact, asks nothing she has not already got, except a little more trade. Would like to keep what she has, but times are hard. Even willing to move aside a bit for Uncle Sam. The trouble is Mr. MacDonald is trying to build himself a niche in Westminster Abbey. Also he is handsome, has a big heart, and in the fullness thereof loves them all, making it necessary sometimes, though embarrassing, to remind him of a big family of obstreperous children scattered all over the globe, and of "home needs."

DOPE. — The poignant significance of Russell Pasha's revelations before the League Advisory Committee on Traffic in Drugs is mercifully—or unfortunately—lost upon the majority. The average individual has little or no contact with the horrors of the drug scourge. Drug-fiends in popular imagination people a world apart, holding a stage of pallid vamps, glassy-eyed Chinese and swarthy villains. A cruel harvest is reaped from the rich fields of youth, workers, and middle classes. Russell Pasha appeals especially for protection for the *fellaheen*, or country-folk, of Egypt. He claims that 500,000 addicts in Egypt spend £5,000,000 a year on narcotics. Vice, picturesquely materialised in the person of Ibrahim el Gharbi, the Nubian "Anti-Christ of Egypt," ruled this Oriental underworld for years. The coal-black hands and arms covered with rings and bracelets, of this sinister Pluton, strangled tens of thousands in their unrelaxing grip.

During my years of residence in Egypt I accompanied Kaimakam William Henn Bey, Colonel of the Cairo Police, on raids on "dope-dens." My travels have brought me rudely in contact with the tragedy, despair, and degradation of drug-victims. I realise the more vividly how little this fiendish traffic conveys to the imagination of the average citizen.

Judge Emily F. Murphy, in her book, *The Black Candle*, written a couple of years ago, estimated that there were over two million drug addicts in America. The practice is said to be increasing owing to Prohibition, "snow" being easier to handle than bootleg in bottles.

Before 1922 there was no manufacturing of morphine or heroin in India. Between 1922 and 1928 the Ghazipur morphine factory alone increased its yearly output from some thirty-three pounds to two tons.

That twenty to twenty-five per cent. of the adult Chinese population habitually smoke opium is the conclusion of an investigating committee appointed six years ago.

"The black spot on the fair page of Twentieth Century progress" was Dr. Thomas Macklin Dishington's condemnation of growing drug-consumption, when he declared that in addition to recognised dangerous narcotics, 500 tons of aspirin are sold yearly in Britain.

Tobacco, which can hardly be classed with dangerous drugs, is a narcotic after all, and the increase in its consumption during the last few years has been tremendous.

EGYPT'S PRINCE OF WALES. — Prince Farouk, heir-apparent to the Throne of Egypt, will be ten years old on February 11. Although an only son and adored by his Royal parents, the little Prince of Egypt is as simple and unspoiled as any less exalted school-boy. His step-sister, Princess Fewkia, married to Fakhry Pasha, lives most of the time in Paris, but three younger sisters, the Princesses Fawzia, Faiza, and Faika—are his companions and playmates in the exotic gardens of the Cairo and Alexandria Palaces. All the children of King Fouad bear names beginning with "F," which letter the King believes to be lucky to his family.

Prince Farouk has rapidly developed from a cherubic baby to a more than ordinarily handsome boy, bids fair to inherit the fascination of his very beautiful mother, Queen Nazli, the charm and intellect of his father, King Fouad. The King himself was educated in Europe, while the Queen received an advanced western education, finishing her studies and travelling in Europe before her marriage. So this twentieth-century successor of the gorgeous Pharaohs is being brought up on modern, democratic lines, encouraged in the love of sport and outdoor life, comradeship with his sisters, frankness with his parents, respect for his instructors, and courtesy to all with whom he comes in contact. The King is most insistent about the latter qualities, for in his son he sees not only a future king, but his legacy of a model and example of young manhood to the youth of Awakening Egypt.

THE ENVOY OF AFGHANISTAN: *Shah Wali Khan, who was the first diplomat to be received by the Duke of York on behalf of the King at Buckingham Palace*

LINDBERGHS OF THE SEA: *Messrs. Carl L. Weigant and Joe Rumber, two American collegians who crossed the Atlantic alone in their* 30*-ft. yawl,* Carlsark, *are making the return journey*

THE MUSSOLINI MONOLITH: *The huge piece of marble to be erected in the Mussolini Forum crosses the Piazza San Pietro in the Vatican city en route to its site*

THE COP WITH COLD FEET! *A gas-heater has been put under the platform of a point officer in Paris. He directs the traffic from a tower*

The SURVEY *of the* SPHERE.

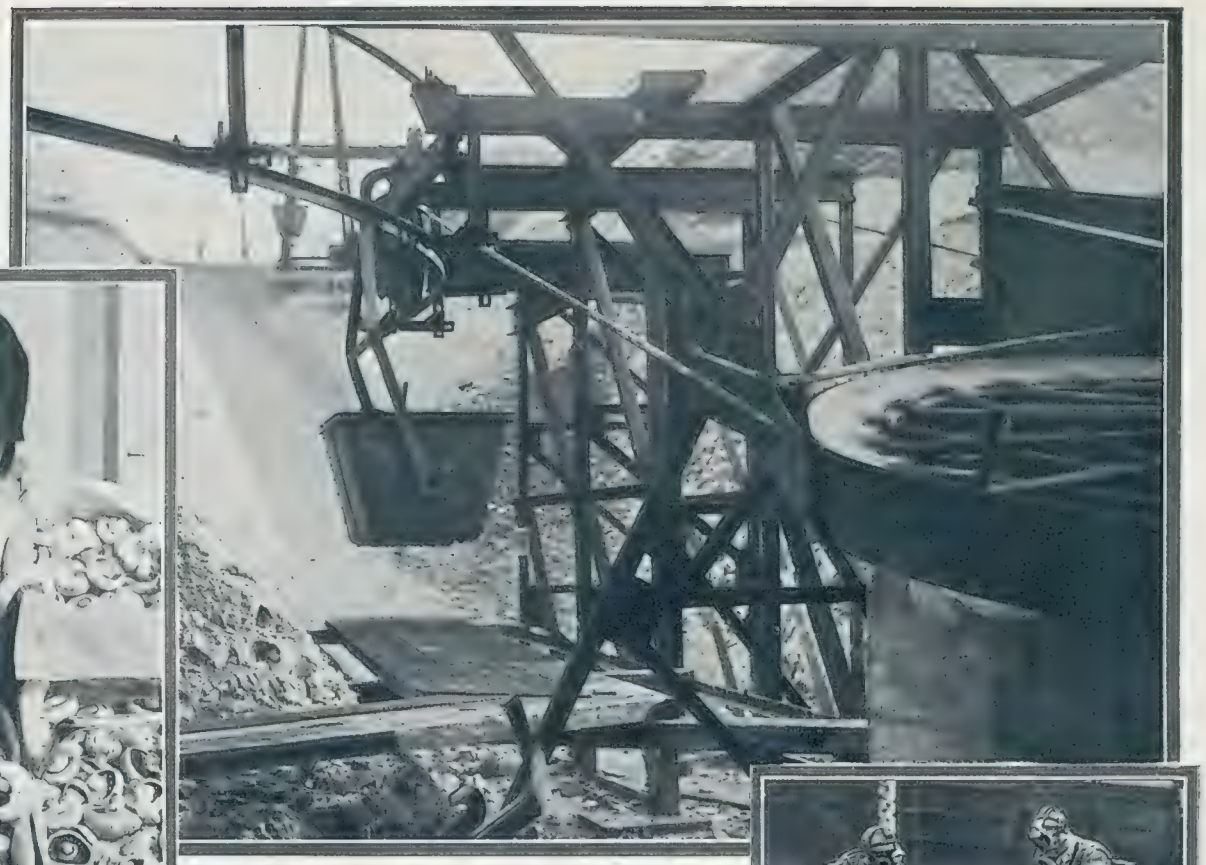
Foreign Events Recorded by the All-seeing Camera

MISS HOLLAND IN PARIS: *Meisje Rye Van de Rest, Holland's representative in the beauty competition, escorted by a "flic" (argot for policeman), visits the grave of the Unknown Soldier*

IN HONOUR OF JOAN OF ARC: *Compiegne is working night and day painting banners and carving statues for the quinquennial celebrations to be held next May*

PICTURES from the PROVINCES.

The Camera looks at Many Facets of English Life

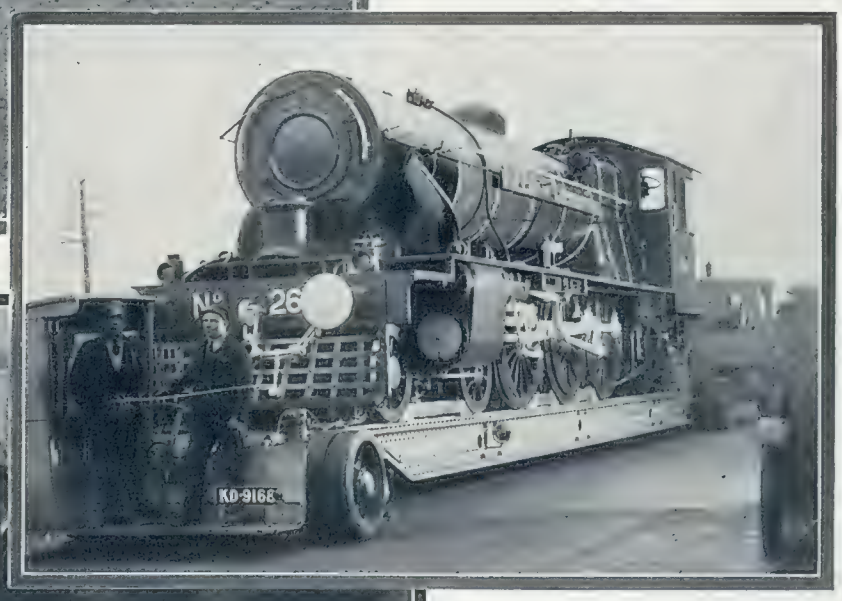


TREASURE IN THE GARDEN OF ENGLAND: The Tilmanstone Colliery, between Deal and Canterbury, which has an aerial ropeway joining it to Dover Harbour 7½ miles away. This was constructed at a cost of £125,000

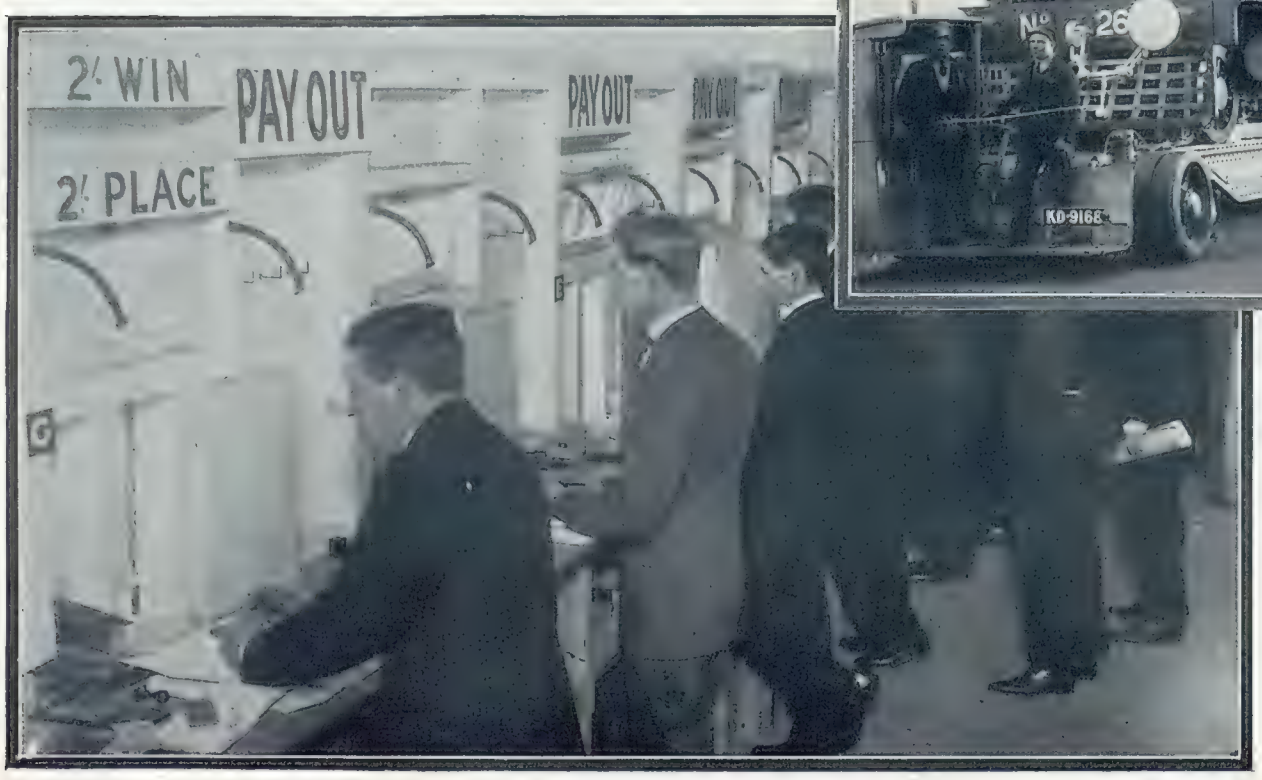
MINE RESCUES: A class demonstration and practice held with the latest apparatus at the Mine Rescue Department of Birmingham University

DELICACIES OF THE TABLE: Grading mushrooms before packing at the Tongue Mushroom farm in the Lea Valley, Essex, where 1,000 lb. of fungus are cultivated daily under glass

HANDMAIDS OF THE FRIEND OF MAN: At the Bell Mead Training School, Haslemere, kennel-maids are given training with every type of dog. On right is a group each with a Dandy



THE FIRST LOCOMOTIVE CARRIED INTACT BY ROAD: A removal from the Vulcan Works, Earlstown, Lancs, to Gladstone Dock, Liverpool, *en route* for India. The lorry weighed 13 tons and was fitted with dual steering and telephonic communication between drivers



THE BOOKIES' FOE: The portable "Tote" demonstrated at Folkestone

Photographic Address
—LONDON

The Camera Looks at the Metropolis

"AT GAZE": *Two true Londoners caught by the camera in Richmond Park. The reflection, in misty weather, is startlingly clear*

THE CHILDREN'S ROYAL ACADEMY: *The private view at Whitechapel Art Gallery*

ART IN LIFE: *A scene in the Heatherly School of Art, where the Rossettis, Frampton, Salisbury, and Lavery, among many others, learned the craft of art*

"SHOOTING" LONDON: *A Press photographer obtains a new angle from which the eye of his camera can regard the City*

LONDON'S SKYSCRAPER: *The new Royal London Mutual Insurance Co.'s building in Finsbury Square. It is 220 ft. high, dwarfing even the Monument. It is surmounted by a figure of Mercury*

CREPUSCULAR: *An exquisite photographic study of sunset on the Thames Embankment. The nocturnes of Whistler first made us conscious of such beauty as the twilit river offers to the seeing eye*

"ALMS IN THE NAME OF HEAVEN": This beggar woman has her pitch just outside one of the few churches still open

On right:

JUSTICE IN THE SHADOW OF TYRANNY: The People's Court — three judges and a clerk — in Siberia

CHILDREN TRAINED TO ATHEISM: A procession of young Muscovites bearing anti-religious posters

On right:

VANISHED: General Koutiepoff, the Royalist who has disappeared from Paris. It is believed he has been kidnapped by air

A WOMAN RULING 3,000 MEN: Mme Kameneva, the Chief of Police, Rostov-on-the-Don. Mme Kameneva is only twenty-eight, but is one of the most efficient police officers in Europe

MOURNING THE GREAT BOLSHEVIK: On January 21 a special mourning sitting was held at the Grand Theatre, Moscow, in memory of the death of Lenin in 1924

Six Years without LENIN

On Left — *NOT A FILM: A Russian peasant tending her baby in a stable shared by many families — an uncensored picture*

BOLSHEVISM—the 13th Year.

The Comparative Sanity of Lenin has no Counterpart in the Fanaticism of Stalin; but even the Patient Peasantry of Russia may Ultimately Force a Swing of the Pendulum Towards Peasant Proprietorship and Private Enterprise Instead of the Moscow Ideals—Socialism and Slavery

By Lancelot Lawton

THE PATRON SAINT OF AN ATHEIST LAND: The memorial to Lenin, erected at Stalingrad

Never for a moment during thirteen years of power have the Bolsheviks ceased their efforts to suppress private enterprise. The intensity of this offensive has varied, but always it has persisted. At present it is being waged with tremendous fury; not since the days of War Communism in the early years of the Revolution have methods so ruthless been employed. But whereas in the beginning power was defectively organised, and the loopholes of escape from it were many, to-day it reaches to the remotest regions, and out of a population of 150,000,000 few can elude its suffocating clutches. Lenin had not the means which Stalin has for imposing his will upon the country. He had to put up with a certain amount of opposition from amongst his nearest colleagues, but Stalin tolerates none.

In 1921, when Russia was in the depths of anguish, Lenin brought relief by the abandonment of Communism and the substitution of what became known as the New Economic Policy. The forcible requisitioning of produce was to cease, and the peasants were to be allowed to dispose of their surplus grain as they willed. Private trade within limitations was again legalised. The new departure was based upon rivalry between State and individual. Lenin had no doubts as to the issue. The State awould win, and thus Socialism would come about. No attempt was made to carry out this policy fairly. The State did as it liked with private enterprise; whenever it wished to be rid of a rival it directed the police to shut up his business.

WHERE LENIN IS GOD: The decorated front of the Grand Opera House, Moscow

HONOUR TO BOLSHEVISM'S FOUNDER: M. Yawslavsky broadcasts a laudatory biography of Lenin throughout Russia

Stalin of late has greatly increased the severity of this persecution. He has brought whatever there was of the new policy to an end, and has revived the methods of aggressive Communism. Lenin said that the new policy was not intended to endure for ever, and, quoting this, Stalin adds, in the brusque language for which he is noted, that if such policy does not make for Socialism then it must be sent "to hell." No longer is a semblance of compromise to survive; Soviet Russia goes back to 1917, though in an environment changed in some respects. What were the circumstances which drove Stalin to this desperate course? Whither was Russia going, towards Socialism or Capitalism? Who was winning, the State or the individual?

In the towns the individual has been completely crushed. All wholesale trade and three-quarters of retail trade are in the hands of the State. In two years 100,000 private shops have been closed; the bourgeoisie as a class now numbers no more than a quarter of a million.

Yet although the State has destroyed competition, it cannot satisfy the simplest wants of the people. Prices are high, necessities are rationed, queues are everywhere. The problem is the same to-day as it has always been during the Bolshevik regime; socialist industry cannot supply a sufficiency of commodities, and those that it does supply are fantastically dear and often of wretched quality. It is true that production has grown, but not by any means enough to keep pace with the rapidly-increasing population.

The solution of the crisis depends upon the peasantry, for they compose 125,000,000 out of a population of 150,000,000. They need everything that the factory manufactures, but since the State gives so little for grain and demands so much for the products of its industry, their purchasing power is slender and they prefer to hoard their produce rather than have it confiscated.

Only because they ruthlessly exploited the peasant have the Bolsheviks been able to maintain their bankrupt industry. In addition to price manipulation, high taxation, forced loans, currency emission, were the measures resorted to for the purpose. Impotent to retaliate openly, the moujik for long bore with sullen resignation the inflictions of a merciless State. But there were limits beyond which his tormentors could not go without running the risk of recoil. If the peasants were incapable of active revolt, their passive resistance could be formidable. Such passive resistance consisted in shrinking the sowing area and putting as little grain as possible on the market. Hence the towns lack food and industry sufficient means wherewith to expand on a scale permitting of a lowering of the cost of production. Whenever an individual by amassing even a little wealth obstructed the view of this mirage, the State immediately sought to destroy him.

The compact 20,000,000 inhabitants of the towns could be easily destroyed; the 125,000,000 peasants scattered wide apart in the countryside offered a much more difficult problem. It is assumed that there are three classes in the village—the rich, contemptuously designated *kulaks*, middle, and poor. The Bolsheviks claim that they have the support of the last two categories, who account for all but 6,000,000 of the peasantry. The middle peasants, numbering 112,000,000, form the overwhelming majority of the whole. But the economic separation of poor from middle was never wide; measured in terms of money it does not amount to more than £4 yearly. The truth is that the poverty of the moujiks is not less pitiable to-day than it was under the Tsarist regime.

Yet the Bolsheviks naïvely complain that the peasants who raise themselves to the middle level develop what is called bourgeois tendencies. Strangely enough, at the other end of the scale we find many *kulaks* anxious to come down in the world, for life is not worth living in material comfort when thrift is regarded as a greater crime than theft.

Stalin professes to have grown weary of the uncertainty of the situation. He has resolved that once and for all the peasants shall be reckoned with. Up till now, he said recently, the *kulaks* or rich peasants were held in check, but the time has come when they must be finally liquidated. What does he mean by liquidation? The massacre of 6,000,000, individuals is impossible even in Bolshevik Russia. Stalin says as much. By liquidation then he means ruination. And after that—what? Stalin does not care. His attitude towards humanity in general is contemptuous, and this contempt he shows all the more plainly when dealing with those who oppose him. An autocrat himself, his perception of society is rigidly collectivist; no one who will not shrink so as to fit into this perception must be allowed to live.

What is to happen to the millions of peasants other than the well-to-do now marked out for ruin. Vast collective farms, some larger than English counties, are being established to receive them. It is said that enormous numbers of peasants are flocking to these farms, and the Government declares that four years hence more than half of the total peasantry will be drawn into communal agriculture.

The ruined *kulaks* are not to be admitted to these Socialist estates. They will have to subsist as best they can outside them, for they are regarded as irreconcilable enemies of the Soviet system, as pariahs of the community. Of the remaining peasants, those not socialised will have little incentive to better their lot as individual farmers, for henceforth the Soviet power is to be more resolute than ever against riches. Leaving motive out of the question, the means of improvement will be non-existent, for the *kulak* will no longer be there to be taxed for the assistance of the poor, and such State funds as are available for agriculture will go to the socialised farms, not to the individual peasant household. No wonder the rationing of food has been resorted to; no wonder anxiety is felt about future supplies.

Thirteen years ago landowners were flying before the peasants. To-day it is the peasants who are in flight. A new and far more terrifying landowner than the one whom they destroyed has appeared—the Bolshevik State. Those of foreign origin, Mennonites and Greeks, are crossing the frontiers in thousands; others, to avoid extinction, are seeking refuge on State farms. Were it possible to have a vision of the great Russian plain that extends from Poland to the Pacific, we should see a stupendous struggle in progress between the scattered, undisciplined population and the organised forces of a pitiless power—between millions of elemental peasants on the one hand and hordes of armed fanatics and cynics on the other.

I would say that the issue of this conflict would determine the fate of the Revolution and of Bolshevism, were it not that Stalin may at any time resolve to swing as far to the right as he has now done to the left. He is a Leninist and Leninism is policy without principle. It permits of anything but the surrender of power. "We must zigzag," was his last counsel. Up till now both zig and zag have proved hazardous manœuvres.

Ewing Galloway

THE DEVOTION OF BURMA: A common sight in the Eastern dependency. The Buddha is the work of a Burmese sculptor

INDIA—

"A Veil to draw 'twixt God, His Law, and Man's Infirmity . . ."

By "MAUSER"

It is high time the English public were told exactly what is the driving force behind the scenes in India. In a word—the Brahmans. They are the folk who abolished Buddhism; they who wore down Muhammadanism; they who almost openly boast that they will get rid of us

India.

Somnolent, acquiescent, most kindly India of our youth. Kipling's land of elusive magic.

India suddenly gone wild; unveiling hidden forces and most unexpectedly heaving with sedition and open revolt.

Who is this small, tense, seven-stone demagogue who, though not of the priests, stands forth with priestly blessing behind him, and is acclaimed by the hysterical brown multitude as their leader, their saviour, and their god?

We grasp with some relief at the assurance that the answer has nothing to do with the vexed subject of politics. It is simple. But, to be clearly understood, a modicum of patience is necessary in tracing the matter from dim cause through logical sequence to present-day effect. Everything thereupon falls into its proper place.

In a past so distant as to be dim, and recorded in resultant inference rather than in any written record, the religion of the Aryan immigrants into India was an animism which worshipped and propitiated every power of Nature, and personified those powers in named and recognisable godlings as numerous and diverse as the forces which they typified. Human terrors being stronger than human gratitude, the logical consequence was the consolidation of a priestly class whose business it was to stand between the people and supernatural trouble, and to be the interpreters of the wishes of the gods.

These priests, relieved of the necessity of daily toil by the efforts of the common people, found that work which the Powers of Darkness always seem to find for idle hands to do, and concocted a system of philosophy which gave a certain factitious dignity toan otherwise hopelessly materialistic cult. But where, in similar circumstances, the philosophers of the West, Plato *et hoc genus omne*, contrived an uplift and a purification, the peculiar mental obliquity inherent in the Aryan East only succeeded in complicating a form of religion already graceless and idolatrous. The religion of the common people remained just where and what it was—the propitiation of the powers of an, on the whole, intractable Nature, as personified in innumerable godlings, and has so remained to the present day.

Now, it is a broad rule that the more the single godhead is complicated by attributes, powers, and tendencies, and by an attendant multitude of accessory godlets, each of whom is active for good or evil, the greater the power of the priesthood which intervenes between the unseen powers and the multitude. We see the same thing nearer home. Asia has no monopoly of complicated deities and predatory clerics. The priest becomes the arbiter of the body no less than of the soul—a hierophant who devises social rules and systems for the apparent betterment of the flock. Somewhere a constructive brain-wave was born, devised to the public good, and in the dim ages beyond written history a priest-devised system seems to have sprung up in India whereby the activities of the lower orders were crystallised out into watertight compartments in such a way as to prevent any movement from one calling to the other. At its highest it had the merit of turning every human pursuit into an hereditary occupation, whereby inherited instincts and tendencies short-circuited any necessity for apprenticeship, and man learnt his trade, task, or occupation from his very cradle upwards; thereby increasing his aptitude for it, his efficiency in carrying it out, till it became bone of his bone. It was, in fact, the logical expression of Trades Unionism, with the trades muzzled and silenced for independent or collective action by the overlying and unchallengeable spiritual power of the priesthood which had devised it. At its lowest it degenerated into a social tyranny. The power which it put into the hands of the priests was incalculable.

Presently, by traceable and natural sequence, it expanded. The ring-fence system invaded the daily lives of the people—very particularly in matters of eating, drinking, and marriage—and was extended into every form of human activity. Penalties were devised for infraction of the law, not only in spiritual excommunication, but, what was even more cogent, in compulsory social ostracism.

As an instance, and as we see it working three thousand years later, in this day and month of 1930, if a member of, let us say, caste A eats, it may be all unwittingly, from the same dish as a man of an inferior caste, B, washes, packs up, and goes about his business—A, if found out, not only is flung out of caste and becomes such a social leper that the very dregs of Indian humanity would be unwilling to associate with him, but any who have, in all good faith, associated with him in the period before his crime was brought home to him suffer also from the spiritual and social infection and are themselves outcasted, even though they be of his own family circle. The thing is treated as we would treat a notifiable disease infection; the news, naturally, spreads like wildfire; the "contaminated" are put in a moral and social quarantine, a lazar-house from which they can only be released by the paid intervention of the priests and by the performance of religious ceremonies the expense of which is neatly graduated to the ultimate farthing which can be extracted from the delinquent.

It is again not realised here in England that every Hindu-enlisted man who left India for service in the late War was compelled on return to submit to a priestly purification ceremony—the *pani patya*—as a "plenary indulgence" for any deliberate or unwitting caste transgression he might have committed overseas when far from the eye of the inquisitory priests. The fixed fee for this had to be found by the man concerned from his accumulated back pay. We, true to our declared policy of non-intervention in social or "religious" matters, paid none of the cost.

In the north of India, among a virile population which contains no small admixture of the powerful and hostile Muhammadan element, the caste system runs as a form of subterranean stream, the whisperings of which are always there, though rarely openly audible. But as the down-country areas open out—Bengal, the United Provinces, Southern India, places where, incidentally, politico-mania flourishes hand-in-hand with advanced Hinduism, and *pari passu* with the progressively-dwindling fighting characteristics of the races—so the influence of the priesthood increases. Until, in the extreme south the priestly class is of such power that the lower orders are even forbidden to use any public roads where they might come in sight of their spiritual masters. The priests, the Brahmans, number 14,000,000, and are banded together in showing a solid front to the remainder of India.

Slow and inexorable in all their workings, blessed with the immeasurable patience and persistence of India in all its aims, they have seen other movements come and go and have defeated them one by one; by gentle but never-ceasing tenacity of purpose, conquering, however great the incubus. One by one the newer, cleaner faiths were fought down and trampled under foot. Buddhism, that wonderful creed which taught the singleness of the godhead, the merit of active good works, and the crime of interference by a privileged priesthood between man and his creator, was for a thousand years their most powerful enemy. The Brahmans bowed to the storm; outwardly acquiescent, they set steadily to work to undermine the simplicity of the new religion, state-protected and kingled though it was; they loaded its observance with ritual; they obscured its simple truths with clever hair-splitting and metaphysics; deliberately they popularised it and brought it down, down, to the standards of earthly mankind until its pure truths were indistinguishable from their own gross idolatry. And then they arose and swept the fragments from the land; so that to-day Buddhism exists only in those remote Eastern countries to which, over two thousand years ago, Asoka the King sent it by his messengers and missionaries.

It took Brahmanism a thousand years to stifle Buddhism. In less than half that time it fought down Muhammadanism. In less time again it bids fair to oust the British and all that for which their system stands.

We English are, indeed, the enemy. It is the reward for the tolerance and protection that we extend to all creeds other than our own, that that very tolerance should be used as a lever to our undoing. We British, with our level justice and forbearance which would put rich and poor, priest and under-dog, on the same level. We British who, while protecting every religion, have shown unmistakably that our system is death to the hopes of narrow religious tyranny and priestly privilege, *we* are the arch-enemy.

The cry against us, the bitter hostility, whether of Gandhi, Nehru, or of the many other rebels whom we have raised and protected, is exclusively Hindu. There is not a Muhammadan voice in the whole chorus. Let us only be ousted from place and power, leave the land and take our system with us, and see clearly what would happen. Away with all forms of law. Back, back to the dim ages 3,000 years ago. Peace, if it be procurable; the peace of utter stagnation—and the Brahman the striking and central figure once more.

BUDDHISM LIVES . . .

"Buddhism is dead."

So runs the cry of those who seek for it, in vain, in its first home and birthplace, Northern India. But go farther afield. Find the lands to which Buddha's teachings were carried while they were still fresh in men's minds. In these lands you will find the pure light a little dimmed, but still living as an active influence in the everyday life of the people. Where Hinduism is a soulless observance to the people of India, Buddhism in Siam and Burma is as nearly as possible a parallel to our own religious feelings. There you will find the temples open all day long, where the quick and merry people hush themselves to a moment's peace. Nowhere in the East, except in Burma and Siam, may you find the common folk dropping in on the temple for a good sound pray, as we understand it.

"Buddhism is dead"? Ask the little, silk-clad folk of Burma and Siam!

"MAIN STREET": A typical aspect of the main thoroughfare in Belgrade

The Changing face of

BELGRADE: A City of Contrasts

East joins West in the city of bad roads, Turkish cafes, dirt, and imported luxury

Belgrade, the capital of Jugoslavia, where King Alexander has declared a dictatorship, is an amazing mixture of East and West. Its contrasts strike even the most unobservant traveller. Alongside palatial modern hotels, fine bank buildings, and tourist agencies, are seen filthy, tumble-down Turkish hovels, the kind of place in which nearly all business was done before the building of new Jugoslavia began nine years ago.

In these vile-smelling, unventilated, disease-breeding dens one sees bread baked over open wood fires by men who look as though they had never heard of a bath. In other places, huddled in heaps, some smoking some detestable weed, are dirtily-clad labourers, unshaven and unkempt, some picking out with their fingers slices of baked meat from a common dish of victuals placed in their centre.

Needless to say disease is rife. Tuberculosis carries off thousands yearly. Nevertheless, one sees in the streets magnificent French, American, or Italian motor-cars, indicating luxury and refinement somewhere in the city, which boasts of an excellent train service, a good opera house, and a university. Yet in the principal thoroughfares bullock teams drawing bricks and sand get in the way of horse vehicles and motor-lorries. The streets of Belgrade, shot deep by shell fire, are admittedly the worse in the world.

Perhaps one's first surprise on arrival at Belgrade's ill-lighted railway station is to find its shabbily-dressed porters speaking fluent English. Years before the War these men were among the ambitious young peasants of Serbia who went to America to make their fortunes. One can hardly realise what immense courage such a step demanded of these primitive workers, who had never left the confines of the paternal village, and who had no idea of how to learn a new language. They made splendid pioneers in America, and by industry and thrift became small capitalists.

Had they been inspired by exclusively selfish ideas they would have left the home country to its resources after War had battered it to ruins. Jugoslavia in 1919, as the Peace Conference created it, was a country in name only. Pre-War maps showed us Serbia, Montenegro, and the great Austro-Hungarian Empire, but even under these names the great part of present-day Jugoslavia was an unknown land. What little we did hear from time to time was chiefly about its perils, its bandits, its dirt, its disease, its political assassinations, and its ceaseless, meaningless wars. Almost the only thing the average man remembers about the Balkans is that stronger nations have been able to prevent perpetual war only by using constant threats of armed intervention. And when the murder of the Archduke of Austria at Serajevo in the heart of Serbia started the Great World War, it struck many people as being the very thing they had always expected.

"GUNGA DIN" OF BELGRADE: A water seller in the streets

Here we must remember that for 500 years prior to the great catastrophe much of the country had been dominated by the Turk. The Serbs had been crushed to subservience. What the Turk had not succeeded in destroying his successors did. Almost all the land was owned by people who had never seen it, but who lived on the extortionate rents they charged. The signs of what the Turk did are seen everywhere in the country to-day. All the cafés of Belgrade have one corner in which sit a little group of dark-skinned, black-eyed, languid-looking people wearing Turkish fezes, sipping black coffee. What their occupation is no one has ever discovered. They dream dreams of the Orient. In Serajevo, far away among the mountains, the women still wear veils, tend rice fields, grow silk. There are still to be seen the inspiring old mosques and minarets, the Muhammadan worshippers kneeling on their carpets in prayer at sundown, still the open Oriental bazaars with the Turkish merchants sitting cross-legged smoking the calabash, just as described in *The Arabian Nights*.

THE POTTER'S HOUSE: One of the Turkish streets in Belgrade

But all this is foreign to the country, and has been for five centuries. For the Turk never tried to absorb or uplift conquered people. He just subdued the Serb, he could not change him. It was diamond grinding against diamond. But the end of the War began a new era. Serbia was free!

Not least, Jugoslavia is a vast wonderland of untapped natural riches awaiting development. She is rich in minerals, in timber and agricultural possibilities. Some have styled her "Europe's America."

H. J. S.

TRANSPORT, ANCIENT AND MODERN: Bullock wagons, horse carts, and motor-cars

MARKET OUVERT: Paysannes of Jugoslavia offer produce for sale

THE WORLD OF ART.

Painters and Canvases of Past, Present, and Future

STUDYING FROM THE GREEK: Students of the Art Department of Westminster Technical School, London, painting from various models. Some excellent canvases are produced by the students at this notable institution

ARTIST AT WORK: Professor Max Feldbauer in his studio at Dresden. This photographic study exemplifies a favourite modern device of perspective fore-shortening

A FAMILY TASK: Mr. Vernon March engaged on the Canadian National War Memorial, on which he, six brothers, and one sister are engaged. They all began work six years ago at Lock's Bottom, Kent

On left — FOR THE CITY OF COTTBUS: The portrait of President von Hindenburg, commissioned from Professor von Kardorff

A ROMNEY FOR AMERICA: "Master Hartley," by the exquisite hand of the painter of Lady Hamilton in the artist's later manner. It was recently bought by Mr. and Mrs. W. J. McAneeney of Detroit from the Reinhardt Galleries

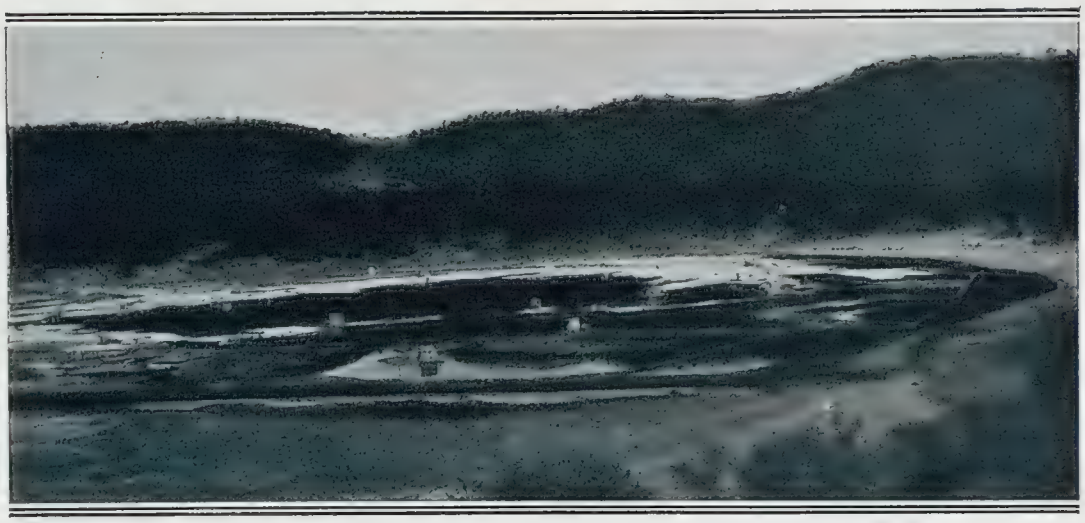
FEATURES OF GEOGRAPHICAL INTEREST

PRETORIA'S SALT-PAN

A Place of Soda, Salt, Trees, and Fresh Water

One of the most interesting places to be seen near Pretoria is the Salt-pan lying about thirty miles north. Whilst not being in the nature of the crater of a volcano in the ordinary sense of the word, it is the result of a violent volcanic explosion in the dim past, probably due to the presence of the underground imprisonment of gases. It was, however, unaccompanied by any lava-flow, so usually a feature of volcanic activity. A depression was formed by the subsidence of the earth immediately around the explosive area. A peculiar feature about it is that the disturbance was very isolated. No signs of other volcanic activity can be seen in the neighbourhood. The pan itself is the floor of this crater, the rim of which rises about one hundred feet above the surrounding country. There are other formations in the world of a somewhat similar nature, but they are few and far between, and it is surprising that a place of such unique interest is so little visited, and in fact many local people are unaware of its existence. Like many places of interest, however, which often remain unvisited by local residents, it always appears to be an attraction to any visitors to South Africa. The pan is set in a low-lying hill which can be seen for many miles rising above the surrounding fairly flat country. On climbing to the top of the rim the pan can be seen lying below, and the basin-like depression is clearly shown. The whole of the slopes of the basin are covered with vegetation, the flat-crowned acacia trees with their green foliage standing out very clearly and prettily, especially on a winter's day. The rim is about three-quarters of a mile across, and the floor of the crater, which constitutes the pan, is some three hundred feet below the level of the rim. It is quite flat, and the dead-black water with its white patches of dried encrustations make a very striking picture. The bottom of the pan, which is just over a quarter of a mile wide in diameter, is very sandy, but not wet or muddy except in the middle where the salt water and pumps are found. The water is very dark-coloured and contains about eighteen per cent. of common salt and about ten per cent of soda. The density of the water is nearly one and a quarter, so that a body would not sink in it.

A peculiar feature of the pan is that if bore-holes are put down on the slopes about thirty feet above the bottom a plentiful supply of fresh water can be obtained. Soda and salt have been taken out of the pan for very many years and the works for its extraction have now reached large dimensions. The soda is extracted by many intricate processes and a large amount of machinery is used.



A PRODUCT OF ISOLATED VOLCANIC ACTION: The Salt-pan near Pretoria

H. A. W.

The ROAD to ROME

The New Fascist Roman Road from the Capital to the Sea

The road which joins Rome to the sea is at length completed. As it was impossible to take the sea to Rome, Signor Mussolini decided to take Rome to the sea, and in a little more than one year a beautiful road has been built. Pine trees and oak trees are being planted on both sides and it is also magnificently illuminated. Owing to the enormous impetus given to the building trade under the Fascist régime, in a few years' time houses will extend in a continuous line along this road from Rome to the sea. About 50 years ago in this district there were only uninhabitable marshes from which came the mosquitoes, the chief cause of malarial fever. The ruins of Pompeii are sad, but those of the ancient city of Ostia through which the road passes are still sadder. In the latter we realise the long-drawn-out, slow, desperate death agony of this city. Ostia, situated at the mouth of the Tiber, used to be the harbour and the great emporium of Rome. More than 100,000 souls lived within its walls; public baths, theatres, and temples embellished the Porta Ostium, from which Rome dominated the seas and the whole world. Colossal works ensured the water supply and the defence of the harbour.

A great Consular road and the River Tiber ensured very quick communications with Rome. Later all this fervour of life slowly but inevitably exhausted itself. The Tiber slowly became unnavigable, its splendid harbour filled with mud. Even the sea seemed to abandon this accursed city.

THE BROAD HIGHWAY: A portion of the road from Rome to the sea which runs through Ostia Antica

The Coast of CALIFORNIA

THE CRESCENT SHORE 'NEATH A CRESCENT MOON: A glimpse of the palisades of Santa Monica, California

The shore of Southern California is gradually becoming more and more populous. On the border of the desert, now a favourite field for tourists, lies the broad Pacific, and its beaches, so tempting for bathing, are equally tempting to the *hôtelier* who erects an attractive inn and coins money from the crowds that venture to places hitherto little known

NEW PLAYS AND OLD

Original Works and Revivals that Compete for the Merited Attention of the Public

AS IN 1885: Miss Viola Lyel, in typical fashion of that era, in the second revival of "Milestones"

"THE MAN IN POSSESSION": Mr. Raymord Massey, ex-butler, bailiff, Oxford man and who knows what else, and Miss Isabel Jeans, a lady of easy virtue, in the delightful comedy by H. M. Harwood at the Ambassadors

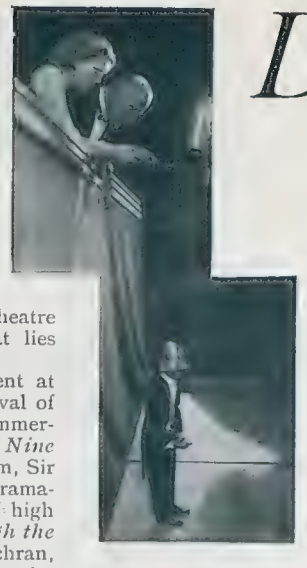
A PINERO REVIVAL: Miss Iris Baker, Miss Marie Lohr, and Miss Marjorie Binner in "Dandy Dick" at the Lyric, Hammersmith

A MAN OF MANY VICES: Mr. Eric Norfolk, drunkard, dope-fiend, and traitor, and his delightful wife, the heroine, in "The Way Out," the new Secret Service thriller on formula, by "Sapper" at the Comedy

IN A FEMININE "JOURNEY'S END": Miss Sunday Wilshin, Miss Frances Clare, Miss Petra Charpentier, and Miss Kay Hammond in "Nine Till Six" at the Apollo Theatre Club—the study of life in a couturier's *establishment*

"HOW CAN YOU TELL IF YOU'RE IN LOVE?": Miss Dorothy Cheston confides in Miss Clare Eames in the 1885 episode of "Milestones," revived at the Criterion with Mr. Allan Jeayes in the late Dennis Eadie's part

The DRAMA of TO-DAY.



Five days shalt thou labour: and on the sixth write thy article. . . . So let us consider both the plays and the audience

This article is concerned with DRAMA. By that both you and I usually mean the stage and plays and actors—oblivious, except when we consciously think of it—of certain other important factors which go to the making of the modern Theatre—in particular, the real life drama that lies behind the DRAMA.

This week, for instance, I was present at five new openings. (A sixth, the revival of Pinero's *Dandy Dick* at the Lyric, Hammersmith, I had to omit, as it clashed with *Nine Till Six* at the Apollo.) At one of them, Sir Auckland Geddes, our newest would-be dramatic author, witnessed the crumpling of high hopes for his spiritualistic play, *Through the Veil;* at another, Mrs. Charles B. Cochran, backing her own hasty but wise opinion, inaugurated a great triumph for Femininity by launching a play in which sixteen women, and not a single man, appear; at another a famous young literary man, who only quite recently was in journalism for a few pounds a week, and who is now (so I am told) slowly going blind, demonstrated once again an oft-repeated axiom, that "literature" and drama are rarely compatible; at still another, two important young people (Edna Best and Herbert Marshall) staged a whole-hearted come-back after a series of comparative failures in a play which also put its author, A. A. Milne, back on the theatrical map. . . .

Can't you picture all the drama (without capitals) underlying these so-prosaically worded facts; can't you feel all the toil, the striving, the heart-searching, the doubt, the wonder, the disillusion, the happiness. . . . Don't you agree that often the intensest drama of all is that which we, placidly browsing in front, never see, never will be allowed to see. . . .

* * *

And now that the crowded week has gone, in retrospect the thing which stands out in sharpest relief is the Audience. I suppose it is true that each play gets the audience it deserves. *Through the Veil* on Monday certainly attracted a most forlorn-looking band of spectators, themselves a little like disembodied spirits, a little ectoplasmic. . . . There were ghosts, too, the following night at the Criterion for the *Milestones* revival—gentle, kindly, elderly ladies and gentlemen, one or two of whom almost looked as if they might have been contemporaries of John Rhead and Rose Sibley, born *circa* 1840. (And what an appropriate setting for such a play! Of all the theatres in London the Criterion—with its low roof, dingy columned interior, toy-like boxes, long cavernous corridors—most nearly resembles the theatre of Tradition.)

On Wednesday night, for *Nine Till Six* with its all-women cast, despite a distinct preponderance of ladies there was a curiously masculine spirit about the audience. Perhaps it was the sprucely brushed short hair, and exposed ears, and general unorthodox un-feminine attire, and the groupings by twos and threes throughout the theatre. I don't know exactly.

Thursday (*This Way to Paradise*—at Daly's, of all places!) was definitely and consciously high-brow, with all the rising young men and women of letters in attendance and a never-ceasing babble. (It was during the intervals in this particular play, incidentally, that I discovered that the way to Paradise is paved with camphor balls and bad syntax.)

But the night of nights was Saturday—*Michael and Mary*, and Edna Best and Herbert Marshall, and A. A. Milne, and the smartest people, and the St. James's Theatre. . . . I often wonder why Saturday openings are not more general; there is such an air, such a magnificence, such a *bonhomie*, about Saturday evenings—despite that they snatch your glasses away from you around midnight at supper after the play!

* * *

Having said all that, let me now make decision. *Through the Veil* and *Milestones* each deserve—and for different reasons—only a paragraph; they will each get one at the foot of this page. *Nine Till Six* and *Michael and Mary* are brilliant plays. They too can wait until I have told you about *This Way to Paradise*. I should like to think these words were written before the play is withdrawn!

I did not read *Point Counterpoint*, the book by Aldous Huxley from which the play was adapted; but there must be lots of words in it. A good many of them get on to the stage; in fact, the play is all words—there certainly is very little action, except when Spandrell murders a B.B.F. (member of the British Brotherhood of Freemen) and, later, despatches his own wordy self.

I like the old-fashioned conventions—introduction, development, *dénouement*, with plenty of "drama" in the situations. And that's what Mr. Huxley and Mr. Campbell Dixon will not bring themselves to give. There is a note in the programme that the "Authors and Management wish it to be clearly understood that all the characters portrayed are entirely fictitious and imaginary." They are. And these "characters" drift in and out—and talk, and talk, and talk. . . .

It is all so unreal, so faint, so discursive, so depressing, rather like those interiors one sometimes glimpses along the Brighton end of the Cromwell Road on a wet Sunday afternoon. There is no high relief, no direct focussing of interest. And the "curtains" are bad, too: a curtain should come on a rising note, not a falling one.

Mr. Leon M. Lion, in the rôle of Maurice Spandrell, the dilettante Communist, as usual has the Lion's share; his drawling voice and slightly ruffled hair seemed to be with us all through. Miss Violet Vanbrugh, Mr. Morris Harvey, and Miss Prudence Vanbrugh, on the other hand, unfortunately have but slight parts. A word of praise must be given Mr. Miles Malleson in the rôle of a pallid amorist, with a make-up distantly reminiscent of a famous London literary agent.

* * *

Aimée and Philip Stuart's *Nine till Six*, was first produced at the Arts Theatre; overnight the rights were purchased by Mrs. Cochran; within two or three days a theatre was secured, and the play put into immediate production. And now, by general consensus of opinion, the play is in for a "run."

Nine till six are the hours worked by the girls in the dressmaking establishment of Mrs. Pembroke. The play attempts to tell but little beyond the ordinary everyday routine of the two principals and the petty intriguing of the dozen subordinates. Mrs. Pembroke is one of those capable, but perfectly commonplace women of business who knows what she wants done and how to get it. Two new girls are introduced into the business as apprentices and their reaction to, and effect on, their associates and surroundings are sketched in brilliant fashion. "Brilliant," in point of fact, is the right word to use. The conception and writing are brilliant; the production is brilliant; the acting is superlatively brilliant.

The altogether naïve manner in which mannequins and shop-assistants frequently and almost completely disrobe on the stage, and a certain salaciousness displayed in one or two lines will doubtless but add to the public's enjoyment.

Miss Louise Hampton in the rôle of Mrs. Pembroke heads the cast. Amongst the rest I would single out for special mention the three mannequins, Beatrice, Judy, and Helen, played by the Misses Kay Hammond (with a marvellous Cockney accent), Sunday Wilshin (with the blondest, greenery-yallery hair ever seen on the stage) and Petra Carpentier; the shop-messenger, Daisy, played by Miss Merle Tottenham—a perfect character vignette; and the French dressmaker, M'selle, played by Miss Gwendolyn Hammond, who both looked and spoke the part.

* * * *

Michael and Mary, the new St. James's play, is also running at this moment in New York—to crowded houses, so I have been told. It is A. A. Milne at his very best. And how delightful to watch the work of a craftsman of such delicacy and sureness of touch!

The play opens in the British Museum on a May morning in the year 1905. Mary is seated on a bench waiting—for nothing. . . . For her scoundrelly husband of a few weeks has left her, alone and penniless and jobless and homeless. Enters Michael, to while away the time until his lady-love should approach. Soon the two are in animated conversation: hope revives: and the Plan is formulated. Michael and Mary go into partnership, he to write books, she to look for work and to begin life afresh. It is not long, however, before the Inevitable happens. They fall in love; and with eyes open Michael and Mary deliberately contract a bigamous marriage. Years pass; Michael becomes famous, wealthy . . . until again the Inevitable. The first husband returns, and in blackmailing mood; a struggle ensues, and the blackmailer, suffering from a diseased heart and roughly handled by Michael, collapses and dies. At the inquest nothing is discovered about the bigamous marriage, and for ten years Michael and Mary continue to live their lives as before. . . . Until their only son—and idol—announces that he has married.

This is the most poignant moment in the play. Very quietly, very soberly, Michael unfolds to David and his young wife the facts of his illegitimacy . . . no heroics, no drama, just a tightening band around the throat—until . . . David impulsively clasps his father's hand. The crisis has passed . . . David has been tried and not found wanting.

On this note the play ends.

There is not a jarring word. The early love scenes, deepening with the years into something stronger and more wonderful, are exquisite in their realness: the bravery too, and the heartbreak, are there all through. There is little more to be said, beyond that the play will in all probability—and deservedly—run for many, many, months.

* * * * *

On a handbill distributed at the Duchess Theatre on Monday night was a note which declared that *Through the Veil* "may be described as a thrilling Psychic Drama." It certainly *may* be described as such; but it would not be difficult to find hundreds who would strenuously deny that it was thrilling *or* Drama *or* Psychic.

If I omit extended mention of *Milestones* here, it is not from lack of appreciation, but from sheer inability to add to the wealth of praise which has already (quite rightly) been lavished on this play. I personally (whilst deploring her own choice of part) am grateful to Miss Dorothy Cheston for allowing me to see it again.

JONATHAN HARDCASE.

A NOTABLE FIRST NIGHT AUDIENCE AT A NOTABLE FIRST NIGHT: A remarkable study of the stalls at the *première* of "Nine Till Six," the purely feminine production at the Apollo, produced by a woman, and acted entirely by women

THE CLOAK-ROOM RUSH IN JAPAN: A striking canvas exhibited by M. Kitazawa at the Paris Salon des Humoristes

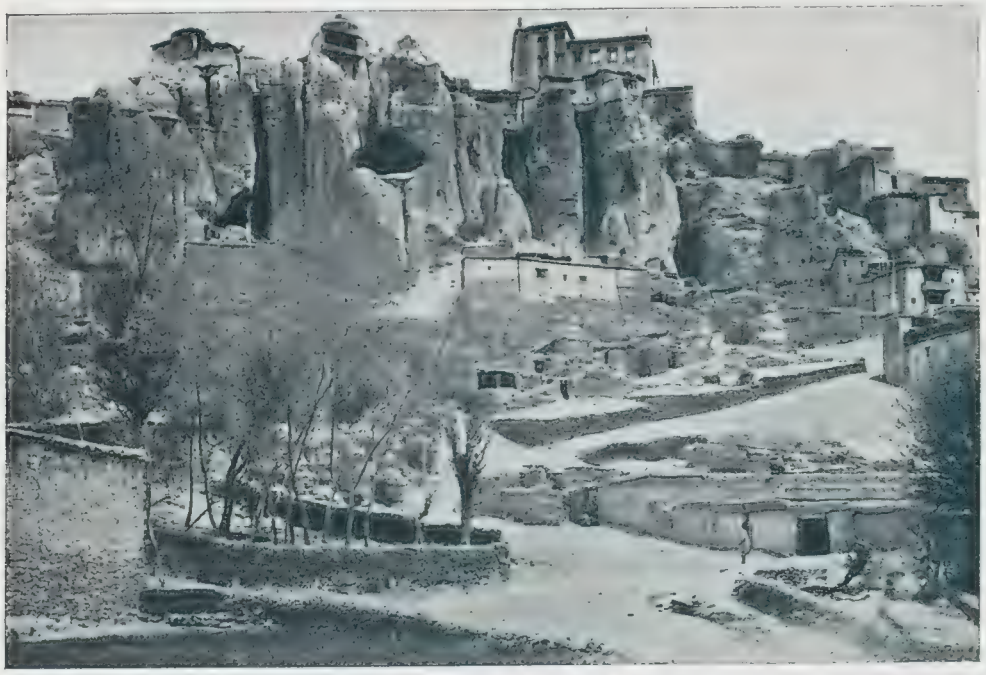
d

In the Karakorum

Where no White Man has trod

The First of Two Articles Telling the Story of a Fascinating Journey

At the beginning of May my two companions, Dr. E. Trinkler and Dr. H. de Terra, arrived at Srinagar, and on May 24 we left for Ganderbal on a heavily-laden lorry for the journey through the Sind Valley and over the Zogi-la, P'hotula, and other passes to Ladakh, and over the mountains into Chinese Turkestan, by ways which in many places had hitherto been untrodden by white man.



MOUNTAINS MEASURELESS TO MAN"! A Lama priest in She looking over the oasis in the valley of the Upper Indus

In order to arrive in time at the famous Hemis monastery we did not stop anywhere along the road, but made several double marches. On June 8 we reached the impressive-looking lamasery, and were well received by the *Skushok* (Abbot) Stakzang Raspa, whose fancy it was to submit to our geologist all sorts of stones for judgment. I felt rather sorry for the gentle old man, for none of the stones collected on his travels to Hanle, Chimre, or the Nubra Valley contained the much-desired gold-dust, and the poor rubies and sapphires had to compensate him; as for the few petrified ammonites, they were of greater interest to the geologist than to the *Skushok*.

Our next camp was at Tikse. The tents were pitched up in a little garden at the foot of the big lamasery, which once had been well known for its art treasures, but the last *Skushok*, a vandal at heart, disposed of them. I visited the big buildings at the time of the evening prayer. Having said prayers, each lama in his seat, took some flour from a small bag opened in front of him, and mixing it with the water from a heavy copper mug handed round by two boys in the usual red coat, seemed to enjoy the monotonous meal thus prepared. The front seat was empty; the *Skushok* had gone back to Lhassa, his native place, and Tikse monastery was waiting for his next incarnation.

Next day, having sent the caravan ahead, I went to see the ruins of the old monastery called Nyerma, a few miles east of Tikse. Little is left but a few pillars and walls, which give proof of what was once a centre of wisdom and education.

On the other side of the "King of Rivers," was Marsalang, and only one hour further up in a little valley, Hemis. It was wonderfully cool in the tent under the big trees, but the strong July sun had had its effect even on the faraway snows. About seven o'clock in the evening an enormous roaring was heard from the nearby river, which for the whole afternoon had showed little water only. But now the stream was swollen to ten times its former state.

For the next day, July 15, our pack animals were mostly yaks. They were to come as far as Tankse, and as we had to cross the Chang-la, still covered with snow, we had given preference to these sure-footed animals. I followed the valley, which for some miles went northward and then turned to the east. The small path began to climb over big old moraines covered with an extraordinarily rich flora. Masses of edelweiss (*Leontopodium*) reminded me how difficult it is to collect this flower in the Alps, where every summer hundreds of enthusiasts risk their lives in order to get a few of them. Here they grow everywhere, together with gentian and other flowers, unnoticed by the native traveller, whose sense for Nature's beauties and wonders is not yet developed.

We decided to stay at Zingrul that day, the last "marg" on the Indus valley side, and I was the first time at the height of 5,000 metres (about 16,500 ft.).

An early start the following morning brought me to the top of the Chang-la before the rising sun began

On left—OASIS IN THE HIMALAYAS

RIVEN BY AN ALMIGHTY HAND: The precipitous and dramatic gorge near Pamzal in the Upper Chang-Chenmo Valley

to melt the frozen snow. The riding ponies had some difficulty in getting across the slippery rivers, and Kurrum, my dog from Parachinar, had to think it over twice before he found the courage to wade through the unpleasantly cold water. But going uphill was still better than coming down. Near the top of the pass I met a small donkey caravan. The animals were so laden that they could not set their feet on the frozen ground without slipping.

Later I reached the camp of friend de Terra, who had been several days ahead since Leh in order to make special geological studies, and when the caravan arrived in the afternoon the tents were put up under the shadowy trees in the little garden. The most interesting features of Tankse of Drangtse, as it is called by the natives, are on the left river-bank, the enormous stones covered with numerous inscriptions, crosses, designs of birds, stags, horses, and so on. They date back according to a publication of Professor Francke, late of the Moravian Mission, Leh, to the ninth century, and were made by the Nestorians, the early Christians. But Francke had never seen these signs of ancient mission-work himself, which are mostly invocations; he relied upon reports of the Rev Schmitt and the Rev. Peter. It remained therefore, for Dr. Trinkler to make a thorough study, and he had the satisfaction of discovering a few unknown old Tibetan inscriptions which had escaped the eyes of his predecessors. Francke believes that these signs were made by Christian merchants from Samarkand, who had used this long-forgotten road for their caravans loaded with goods which they brought to India. Tankse was at that time an important halting-place, and the Buddhistic inscriptions might have been the reason for adding these symbols of early Christianity.

From Leh and on to Tankse our journey was full of minor incidents. At Tankse we waited for the yak-caravan to take us over the higher passes where only these sure-footed animals could negotiate the ice and snow.

Thirty yaks arrived from Hanle, but no ponies. They were, according to what Sabur Malik, our expert in this line, told us, in such a state that he was afraid he could not bring them alive over to Tankse even without loads. We were in a somewhat awkward position, but hoped to buy a few riding ponies in the village near the Pancong lake. The likely condition of the animals was revealed on inspection of our new acquisition next morning. One-third of these supposed-to be pack animals looked so thin that they had to be returned to the owner; we had no time left for feeding them up enough to make them fit for our journey.

The same afternoon, July 20, Dr. de Terra and I left for the Pancong lake. Dr. Trinkler was to follow in a day or two.

Our stay there was only a short one, but still long enough to get the "reverse of the medal," for a storm blew down from the mountain, raging towards the plain and the lake, whirling up dust and sand, and fighting down any obstacles which came in the way. For an hour or more I could hardly see from one tent to the other, and when eventually Nature became quiet again the dust covered tables and chairs an inch thick.

At Pobrang, later on, we were surprised by a friend from Sakti, the "Zeldar," who had come in order to help us in our final arrangements, and naturally to get his due fees from the transactions

(I) Forgotten Shrines on Top of the World

A Narrative of Adventure. By W. BOSSHARD.

he hoped to do with us. The days passed inspecting ponies, yaks, and sheep; the little valley between two high moraines looked sometimes like a cattle market, and when we had made a final decision seven riding ponies, thirty yaks, and seventy sheep became our property. The friendly Pobrang people agreed to accompany us with another ten yaks for a few marches, and on August 3 our caravan started for the Marsimik-la (pass), 18,420 ft. high.

The Marsimik-la presents no difficulties at this time of the year. It is a broad ridge, well marked between a few higher peaks. The weather had improved little since the day before, and I wondered whether this friendly act of Nature was an omen of our future journey? Slowly the clumsy yaks followed the small path high above the roaring river to the Spanglung valley, covered with a fine alpine flora.

A PLACE OF PRAYER WHEELS: The Lamasery of She in Ladakh

A month after we had left Leh saw us on the untrodden road to Lumkang. The caravan led by the Pobrang people, who had been in this country before, went ahead over a low pass. On a little hill, not very far from our previous camp, the geologist discovered a most interesting fossil sea fauna, which kept him busy for several hours. The sun was hot, and the rocks and slopes, bare of any vegetation, rendered travelling in this desert still more unpleasant. Along the small stream there was some grass, and I decided to take the advice of the Pobrang people and camp at the junction of the two valleys. The arriving coolies told me that they had seen two wild yaks in a *mullah*, and towards evening I discovered them grazing downhill. Near by them were about half-a-dozen *kiangs* (wild donkeys), but when dusk fell over the country they all returned to the mountains. I did not follow them, as I was still in Kashmir, where yak-shooting is considered one of the biggest offences against local law.

Lumkang, as our camping ground is named on the map, was the last place where I saw trout in the river, and our coolies enjoyed the free afternoon by catching a few of them.

The nights were very cold. As far as we could see, the ridges and mountains were covered with fresh snow, and dark clouds in the sky did not promise a good day for travelling. Before we had gone very far it started snowing, just as if we were in the deepest winter. It was impossible to see a few yards ahead and I let the bridles hang loose, as I felt that the pony would find the way better than I could. For two hours it went on. The slow-moving caravan looked like a shadow on a screen. No sound could be heard except the grunt of the yaks; and a strange feeling came over me, as if I had been transferred to another world.

The first thing to do was to settle with the Pobrang people. They had asked for each yak 12 annas a day when en route, and 6 annas per day and yak for the return journey. But we also wanted them to take two sick men back to Leh. We knew that we had no chance of meeting anybody for some weeks, and the Pobrang-wallas were our last link with India. But they refused, in spite of the very substantial reward we offered.

Early next morning our companions had gone.

About 10 o'clock that night I heard a great noise from the coolie camp. On inquiry they said that a wolf or snow-leopard had approached the sheep, and everybody was greatly excited about it, but when I asked for details none of the men who "decidedly" had seen the "friendly beast" could give a satisfactory answer.

The following morning we left the valley and crossed a low ridge. The red, green, and pink coloured stones of the mountains were in surprising contrast to the beautiful blue sky which greeted us on our way to Shum and Tomar. The higher peaks, however, showed fresh snow, and towards noon a very bad storm developed! Wet to the bones, covered with heavy snow, we reached, ahead of the main caravan, the camping ground at Tomar (about 17,000 feet). I had in my saddle-bag one tin of "Frankfurter" sausages, which I handed to the cook to be prepared on one of our Meta cooking-pots. But, alas, when Stanzig, the kitchen coolie, made the usual hole with the tin-opener, the sausages flew out as a white, stinky sauce, into his face. For days he was not allowed to come near any of our tents, and only after he had washed his head with a good piece of Sunlight soap was he accepted in society again.

Having thus been deprived of our hot lunch, we had to satisfy ourselves with the usual cold meat which Habiba, our cook, had given us, as our daily ration. About one hour later the first yak appeared, and in a heavy snowstorm the tents were put up.

"FOR WOMEN MUST WORK THAT MEN MAY SLEEP!" Girls in Kashmir pounding rice—a strenuous proceeding

The following morning we had again a few inches of snow on our tent, but it did not last very long; the sun broke through the fog and mist and changed the whole landscape. And now, in the bright morning sun we could define the situation of our camp somewhat clearer than on the day before. About one mile eastwards our valley opened into a big plain—the Sumchilling Plain, or, as it is called on the English maps, Tobomorpo. We turned to the northwest over a high mountain ridge and camped next day in the neighbourhood of Shanko-Tang, as it is called on the map. The view from this mountain (about 20,000 ft.) was gorgeous.

(To be concluded)

G.P.O., KASHMIR! The Post Office at Gund in the Sind Valley, in the mountains styled "the Alps of Kashmir"

Mr. JAMES LAVER . . . our new literary critic . . . .

THE BEAUTIFUL MONSTER
Mirabeau, who ruled France with one foot in Court and one in the people's hearts

writes on ARISTOCRATS & NEGROES

with particular reference to

SOME RECENT MEMOIRS

Dumas, Mirabeau, and the seventeenth century

The French aristocrat is a figure of history. He lives as a character in a novel lives, by a completeness of structural development. The system which he represented was pushed to its logical extreme, and whether we like it or not, it produced a type which, within its limitations, and because of those limitations, was as perfect as a work of art. In such a connection physical survival means nothing—may even, by variation, lead to the blurring of the type. The French aristocrat is as immortal as the dodo.

He has been a perpetual source of interest to imaginative writers; indeed it is because of such writers that we see him, as it were, in the round. He is like a character in a book chiefly because he has been a character in so many books, and in none more than in those of the early romantic writers. *The Passing of the Cardinal*, the second volume of the so called *Chronicles of Touchard-Lafosse*, illustrates both these points. The present fashion for picturesque biography is a continuation, on a smaller scale, of the early nineteenth-century passion for picturesque history. Not a man but an epoch was wanted, and the concoctors of romance found themselves completely at home in the century which was not yet the "Century of Louis XIV." Touchard-Lafosse was born nine years before the fall of the Bastille and lived to see the triumph of romanticism. His narrative, of course, is faked, and his book is more novel than history, but he knew his facts even when he distorted them, and the picture he gives is vivid and entertaining without being too inaccurate.

Like many subsequent writers it was the rebels who attracted him—the *Libertins*—those who resisted the efforts of the great Cardinal to make France one. Had the disgruntled nobles known it they were resisting their own hypothesis, for Richelieu, by depriving them of political power and grouping them decoratively about the throne of an absolute monarch, was making them a unique social phenomenon. It is to him that they owe their immense prestige and their main influence upon the history of the world.

The hopelessness of political ambition turned their thoughts into other channels; to the cultivation of personality, to the development of taste. By mid-eighteenth century they were at their apogee, and Paris was the centre of a European culture in a far more complete sense than it had ever been under Louis XIV. The Broadway Library of Eighteenth Century French Literature has already given us in translation more than fifteen volumes of intimate letters, memoirs, dialogues, and stories which reveal the epoch in all its wit, its heartlessness, its sophistication. The present volume, *Memoirs and Correspondence of Madame d'Epinay*, translated by E. G. Allingham, is a welcome addition. For Madame d'Epinay managed to be very much in the centre of things. Her circle included Saint-Lambert and Madame d'Houdetot, and she was on intimate terms with Duclos, Grimm, and Rousseau. The French aristocracy was playing with fire, allowing itself the luxury of sentiment, and making the way plain for its own destruction. The reading public is familiar enough with Rousseau's version of his quarrel with Madame d'Epinay. The other side of the story is in these letters, and Grimm, who is almost the villain of the "Confessions," is, naturally enough, almost the hero of this book. Madame d'Epinay was indeed his mistress for a long time, and benefited much from his guidance. But it is when she forgets the *philosophes* that she is most attractive, and her *Memoirs* have a permanent place in the class of writing to which they belong. Very often the most instructive point at which to study an epoch is when it is already drawing to a close. Like kings, epochs have a way of looking their best on the scaffold.

The history of the *ancien régime* is carried a stage further in *The Stormy Life of Mirabeau*, by Henry de Jouvenel. This is apparently an English, or rather an American work, for no translator's name appears on the title-page or elsewhere, and it gives a competent account of the troubled days which led to the fall of the Monarchy. With the removal of Mirabeau the Revolution swept on to its logical conclusion in a military dictatorship. It was the collapse of the French aristocratic structure, but it was the opportunity for adventurers, even for semi-aristocratic adventurers, such an opportunity as had not offered itself since the dominance of Richelieu. A Napoleon could rise in a dozen years from lieutenant to Emperor, a Dumas in twenty months from private to army commander. Murat and the rest are the reincarnation of the cavaliers of Louis XIII. Their dash and heroism was all their own, but it was their luck which placed them in so propitious an epoch. The wars of the Revolution and the Empire were the swashbuckler's dream.

Meanwhile another revolution had happened in another hemisphere, and the famous American Declaration had already announced that all men were free and equal. The Anglo-Saxon mind saw nothing incongruous in such a document being signed by slave-owners, but the French were more logical and never recognised the impassable gulf between black and white. Hence some curious complications.

How there came to be such an accumulation of the inhabitants of Africa in America and the West Indies, and the attitude of those who brought it about, can be seen in the curious little volume recently published in the series of "Broadway Diaries"; Nicholas Owen's *Journal of a Slave-Dealer*. There is in this book hardly a hint of moral compunction, for in the years 1746 and 1757, when it was written, the public conscience was not yet awakened to the iniquities of the traffic.

Negro and French aristocrat, what a contrast! Could they ever come together, mingling their different natures and traditions? They did; and the story of that strange blending is the story of the Dumas family.

Antoine Davy de la Pailleterie was probably not a marquis, but was certainly an aristocrat who had held various positions at Court and acted as first gentleman of the chamber to the Prince de Conti. Soon after the middle of the century he grew tired of the frivolous life in France and established himself at Santo Domingo. He had a child by a negress named Dumas, and that child was the famous Napoleonic general, *le diable noir* of contemporary legend, and the father of Alexandre Dumas. Napoleon, however, wanted brains as well as thews, and the mulatto general fell from favour and died in disgrace.

In the novelist the negro blood was diluted further. He was in many ways a typical Frenchman of his epoch, *plus* an astonishing vigour in work and in love. He himself boasted that he had five hundred children, and he wrote the greater part of about as many books. The existence of a score of collaborators scarcely lessens the miracle of his own prodigious output, and the man who could produce *The Three Musketeers* and *Monte Christo* in one year must have been possessed of an almost demoniac energy of imagination. Michelet called him "one of the forces of nature," and he was, in his energy and in his reckless extravagance of his own powers.

An excellent account of his extraordinary career is to be found in Herbert S. Gorman's *Dumas, The Incredible Marquis*, recently published. It is written in a very highly coloured style, but what other style could suit so fantastic a theme as the life of a man who fought in the Revolution of 1830, who "wept at the death of a Bourbon in the arms of a Bonaparte," who diverted a Government vessel to his own use, who distributed red shirts to the inhabitants of Naples under the nose of the King, who gave advice to Garibaldi, who made fortune after fortune and died almost a beggar, and who (incidentally as it were) wrote *The Three Musketeers?* In between whiles he "revelled in the plump charms" of an astonishing collection of women, ending with no less a person than Ada Isaacs Menken, the beloved Mazeppa of two hemispheres.

It was Dumas' last *affaire*, and he died during the collapse of the Second Empire.

THE INCREDIBLE MARQUIS: Dumas towards 1850, when he had just passed the peak of his popularity—one of the illustrations to the great life of Dumas reviewed on this page

BOOKS

briefly recommended

The Revolutionaries, 1789-1799, by *Louis Madelin.* **(Arrowsmith. 18s. net.)**—The tale of how events controlled men and not men events, written by a noted French historian who has specialised in the Revolution period.

Annals of a Chequered Life, by *Arthur Montagu Brookfield.* **(John Murray. 15s. net.)**—Victorian England, service in India, five Parliaments, service in the Boer War, and a Consulship at Danzig, followed by one in Savannah, tend to make up a chequered life. Delightfully told.

Europe in Zig-zags, by *Sisley Huddleston.* **(Harrap. 20s. net.)**—A foreign correspondent writes with brilliance upon foreign affairs and the dominant figures that control them directly, or influence them indirectly.

Look at Chicago, by *Edward D. Sullivan.* **(Bles. 10s. 6d. net.)**—An *exposé*, written by an American journalist, of the reign of illegal terror and crime of all kinds that make the "Queen City of the West" a dangerous place to live in.

The author of "Europe in Zigzags," Mr. Sisley Huddleston

An Eighteenth-Century Gentleman, by *G. C. Roberts.* **(Cambridge University Press. 6s. net.)**—The central figure in the volume is Sam Johnson but Lyttelton and Macaulay both make their appearance.

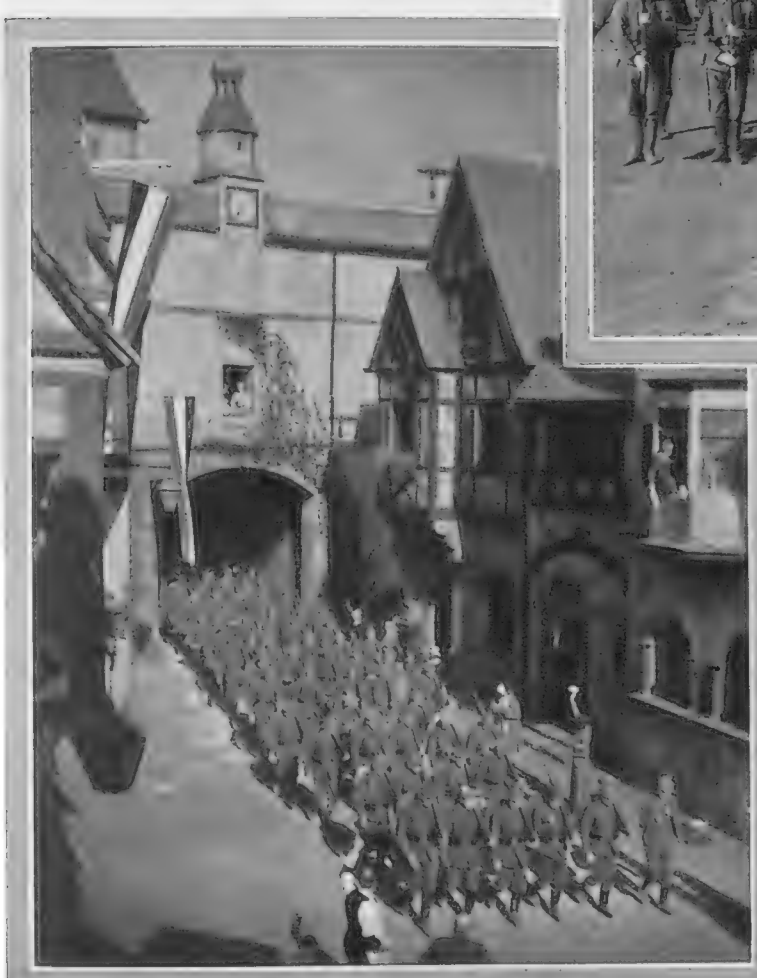
The Tiger—Georges Clemenceau, 1841-1929, by *George Adam.* **(Jonathan Cape, 10s. 6d. net.)**—A great tribute to a great man. Herein the Tiger roars his loudest.

CANNON FODDER: A group of young men in the gymnasium who are called up

TJADEN: Mr. Scott Kolk as the tramp who has the devil's own luck

ALBERT: Mr. William Bakewell as one of the minor intellectual soldiers

ON PARADE: One of the pre-front-line scenes in the screen version of the Remarque classic



"All Quiet on the Western Front"

The Remarque Classic Translated from a Realistic Masterpiece of Literature into a Filmesque Epic of the Flickers

PAUL BAUMER: Mr. Lew Ayres who enacts the rôle of the teller of the story of "All Quiet on the Western Front"

"GOOD-BYE TO ALL THAT": The draft of patched-up veterans returns sombrely to its duty

The *fons et origo* of the spate of war-books that has deluged two hemispheres—"All Quiet On the Western Front"—has been filmed as an all-talkie by Universal. To judge from one "still" the grim squalor of the original is somewhat enlivened by sex appeal!

On left—THE INEVITABLE FILM TOUCH: A scene in the screen version, whose gaiety is neither stated, nor even hinted, in the morbid masterpiece

"I WANT MY DINNER!" A young fork-tailed gull expresses its desires in no uncertain voice in Darwin Bay

Neville Kingston
THE LAST LOOK ROUND: An otter considers his position before entering his second natural element, the water

FISH OF METALLIC SCALES: A gold and silver fish produced by breeding from naturally dull olive-coloured Chinese stock

NATURE'S STEPCHILD! The young masked gannet just after hatching is a sorry sight to see

A PAGE *from* NATURE'S SKETCH-BOOK

On right—A DENIZEN OF THE AMAZON: One of the fantastic specimens in the great River of Mystery

The WORLD of WOMEN

Edited by DIANA BOURBON

A COMPLETE WEEKLY SECTION OF "THE SPHERE" INCORPORATING A WIDE VARIETY OF FEMININE INTERESTS

editorial

At no time of life is nutrition more worthy of the most careful consideration than in school-days, which is a time of continuous growth and development. This growth and development need to be assisted by the right kind of food, taken in the right quantities and at the right times. This seems self-evident; yet what do we find, not only in well-to-do homes but at expensive public schools? The diet of the growing boys and girls entrusted to their charge seems to be the last thing which the authorities think of.

There used to be a saying, much in vogue among parents too stupid or too lazy to attend to their children's food properly: "Oh, a hungry boy (or girl) ought to be able to eat *anything*." The combined cruelty and fatuity of this remark need no stressing from me. To give a child "anything" at a time when the organs are growing and there is constant mental and physical activity ought to be punishable. There is hardly any doubt that some of the physical degeneracy among boys and girls is due to the insufficient food which they get at a most important period of life.

"ANYTHING" is not fit food for hungry youth

—The growing boy and girl need better and more nutritious food than any other class in the community

I say "insufficient" deliberately; for neither parents nor teachers realise in many cases that growing children require an abundance of nourishing food. It has been laid down by scientists that a girl of fourteen to sixteen requires seven-tenths of the food of a man doing ordinary work, and a boy of the same age four-fifths.

Now as to the quality of the food given to school-children. The period of active growth requires meat, which should be given twice a day. Additional proteins are supplied in milk, eggs, and legumes. In most schools water-logged green vegetables, offensive alike to eye, nose, and palate, are the accompaniment to the mutton or beef. Boys and girls acquire at school a distaste for vegetables and often leave them, which militates against their health. Again, fresh fruit should be given at nearly every meal.

It should be forbidden to give children tinned meat or twice-cooked food, such as mince, hash, and rissoles. Food re-cooked is indigestible and so should never be given to children.

Boys and girls digest very quickly, and so it follows that the intervals between their meals should be short. The boy or girl who between meals asks for bread and butter or biscuits is not greedy, as people senselessly imagine, but genuinely in need of sustenance. Another important point is that at school ample time should be allowed for meals, and any tendency to hurrying over food or bolting the fare provided should be checked.

The craving of children for sweet things is a natural one and should be gratified within reason. Children need fat, and the butter supplied must be the genuine article and not margarine. Masters and mistresses who give margarine to the children in their care while eating butter themselves ought to be in prison.

Dr. Cecil Webb Johnson

MARCUS ADAMS

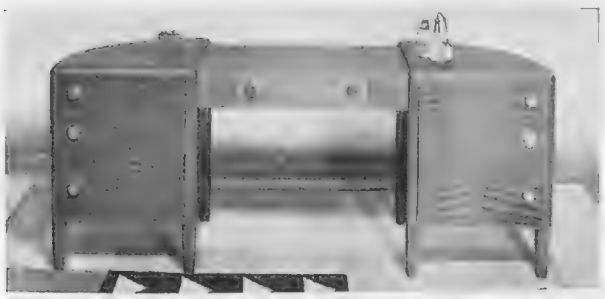
darling of the empire—alone and with her mother

The tiny hands of the Princess Elizabeth are strong enough to hold fast the hearts of all subjects of the empire. She unites with great felicity the heritage of her mother, all the exquisite charm of the "smiling duchess," and all the dignity of her father's royalty

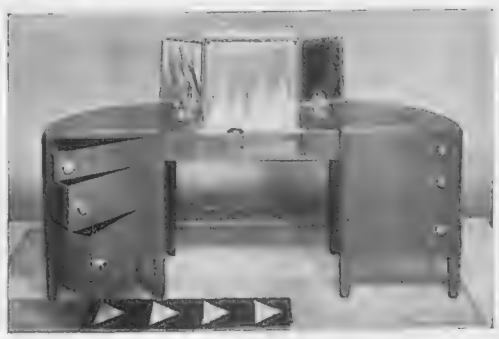
A NEW DRESSING-TABLE

embodying novel ideas for easy beauty

described by Baseden Butt



The combination closed—and open: Two aspects of the delightful dressing-table described in the accompanying article



For the perfection, preservation, and enjoyment of beauty the designers of modernist furniture have created countless novel and improved forms of that familiar friend of woman, the dressing-table. There are dressing-tables with a single small mirror, others with three tall ones, others with mirrors that revolve in circular grooves thereby enabling you to see all round the figure; tables with tiers of shelves and drawers on either side; built-in tables; dressing-tables with the stool as part of the same piece of furniture. They may be made of semi-precious timbers—such as macassar ebony, amboyna, padauk, or bubinga—or of nickel and plate-glass.

Look, therefore, at the latest form of modernistic dressing-table. Firstly, instead of the ordinary pull-out drawers it has three trays at each side which become accessible by swinging round on a pivot fixed at the opposite side of the tray to the little round aluminium handles.

The table is made of natural pine which has been very beautifully fluted, and the central portion is of plymax. This is a new and very interesting material which consists of plywood faced with a thin outer surface of metal, in this case aluminium. The centre section is made to lift up, thereby revealing a triple mirror.

"THE AMAZON": *A striking piece of French bronze by Baurcure*

A traveller's lament on

THINGS one is NEVER TOLD

—many of the well-known things abroad are grossly inferior to those no one speaks about

By Brigit Patmore

Travellers can make you hate a country —particularly if you want to go there and can't. Those coloured post-cards they send you of palm-trees silhouetted against sunsets too rosy to be innocent! You always get these in the middle of a foggy day when all taste seems vitiated, and you can only think of the sunshine that is not for you!

Then those phrases, when the traveller returns full of superiority and sapience: "Oh, my dear, when you've seen Santa-So-and-So, or the Palazzo Perhapso, *then* you can speak of things!" And you say, "Yes?" eagerly, because obviously they've seen, they've got the word, but they only heave a big sigh at you and ecstasise, "Oh, it's indescribable! It's so . . . it's all . . . it's quite. . . . Everything's *different*. . . . I can't *tell* you!" And there you are, gasping for air, and the windbag deflated before your very eyes.

Italy was always one of these plaguey spots on the map for me; first, because to be British and not know Italy is not to know your own father, and yet never to hear the end of that paragon of parents; and secondly, because *everybody's* been there. This last reason is a nasty, envious one, but it's difficult to be a prisoner against your will and noble all the time.

So to me, ignorant and ashamed of it too, Italy became a jumble, almost a complex. I was confused by the innumerable Roman remains. Remains is a dreary word—suggests crumbs from a feast, left-overs — it rhymes with drains. Unattractive. And broken columns, forums, Roman roads (always going straight where they wanted, drat them!), Julius Cæsar (a feeling that there's some uncollected tax owing to him still!), busts of men awfully like the nicest elderly men I knew, but without their stiff collars.

After the white or modernly bronzed heroes and heroines were many, many, painted, lovely ladies, very subtle and satisfied; violent men with long hair and short shifts, looking out of the canvas with the eyes of animals that bite. There was a lot of confusing history, Borgia poisons, daggers, bloody deaths in Venetian velvet (the historical romances of my nursery were always set in Italy, the Nordic blonde not being fashionable then with the Irish). The place was Shakespeare's potting-ground for spring gallants; a reservation for Victorian honeymooners: it was Dante's depressing nose; the Rossetti family; pre-Raphaelites; Ruskin scolding about the wrong admirations; coral; banditti; Garibaldi and black-spotted biscuits; liberty: a crematorium for English poets; Palladian architecture; fulminating Popes . . .

But, would you believe it, there actually were many things no one had told me about, and things that mean so much to those with an eye.

Who ever mentioned the creature—crone, old man, or small boy—who rings a tea bell wildly outside Sicilian churches while mass is being celebrated? Or that the peasants and many others kiss their hands to their saints in a most pagan way?

Not a highbrow has hinted of the lovely frescoes by Simon di Corbetta in Milan, *or* the utter want of distinction in the outside of the opera house. Then the wine-carts in Rome. Their painted, padded hoods for the drivers are like flowers, and just as interesting as the much-written-about Sicilian carts.

MISS GERMANY: *Fräulein Dorrit Nitykowsky*

MISS JUGOSLAVIA: *Mlle Stefanie Brobnjak*

MISS RUSSIA: *Mlle Icener Wentzel*

Three of the competitors in the World Beauty Contest at Galvaston, Texas, and Rio de Janeiro. Russia forbade an official entry, but Russians in Paris elected an exquisite *émigrée*

CHARLIE CHAPLIN'S LEADING LADY: *Miss Virginia Cherrill, who at the age of nineteen has been selected to play lead in* City Lights

JUST for the Sake of ARGUMENT

. . . written to provoke . . .

By Diana Bourbon

MAN'S INEFFICIENCY TO MAN . . .—A mere woman may perhaps be permitted a smile at the masculine sense of efficiency that first summons a conference of the world's premier statesmen, then assembles them all at the meeting-place, and finally settles down to waste hours—*days!*—in discussing exactly what they *are* to discuss and when. . . . Men may make as much fun of women as they like, but I swear that amusing as conferences may be under these conditions, a pack of intelligent members of our own sex would have settled a point like that by correspondence long before the lot of them left their homes, their countries, or the jobs they had in hand.

A FUTURE IMPERIAL SISTER-IN-LAW: *Princess Kikuto Tokugawa, who will marry the Mikado's brother*

One's objection to the eternal assumption that men have a sort of monopoly of the world's common-sense lies principally in this fact that anyone of them (and still more the sex *en masse*) would rather lose a battle according to Hoyle than win it by unorthodox means. . . . Look at the way they govern the country to begin with! Look at the Free Trade mess; and Mr. Baldwin's debt settlement with America!

I prophesy that the Chancellor of the Exchequer who had the courage to repudiate that benighted agreement would be lionised living, and canonised when dead, by the *women* of this country. . . . But he would certainly be outcast and reviled by the men for not having pursued the Road to Ruin according to the best traditions!

Thank heaven the World's housekeeping, baby-rearing in general, and all husband-welfare are matters exclusively in the hands of the *practical* sex.

THOU SHALT NOT EXPRESS EMOTION.—One thing interests me about the discussion now raging as to why English girls don't make good film actresses. (They don't . . . and the majority of them don't make great stage actresses either.) The reason is really not far to seek. You can't train a whole nation for upwards of a hundred years—at a conservative estimate—in the convention that reserve and self-control are the ultimate reach of good form; that the betrayal of emotion by so much as the movement of an eyebrow or an inflection of the voice is to be sternly deprecated—and then expect them to make good in callings that *live* only by expression . . . and exaggerated expression at that. By the same token, such great actresses as England—and for that matter America, Hungary, or Kalamazoo—has produced, have usually been recruited from the ranks of the people who are not afraid of feeling . . . or of expressing what they feel—which is usually why they are so interesting.

But the *interesting* speculation is why the inhibition, which works so thoroughly in the case of our women players, doesn't hold with regard to our men? English actors are notoriously successful. Proof of the pudding being that Hollywood and New York are full of them. Even indifferent ones, who could hardly make a living over here, are snapped up on Broadway at fictitious salaries. Perhaps just that reserve and atmosphere of "repressed strength" that are so dull in womankind (except when it's the womankind

THE WORLD OF WOMEN SECTION—cont.

you have to live with—when it is undeniably restful and a comfort) exudes some subtle attraction if clad in a dinner-jacket or plus fours . . .

THE CASH VALUE OF TITLES.—Not the kind that figure (or don't figure) in Debrett, though a recent lawsuit and much gossip would go to prove that those, too, have their uses. But the ones that embellish publishers' announcements, and go up in "the electrics" outside our show-houses.

Of course, as even Shakespeare would have known—if he hadn't been so bad at titles himself—there's next door to everything in a name. More so than ever in these days of intensive advertising and superficial judgment. I really believe that its name must represent between 25 and 50 per cent. of the selling power of a book or play. (Unless, of course, the book is by one of some dozen famous—lucky?—authors; and the play "stars" one of the few individuals who to-day really *are* Box Office draws—in which case it is selling on *their* names instead of its own.)

The psychology of the thing is quite profound. There are no rules about it—but if you think for a minute you can call to mind any number of instances in which the title alone has *compelled* you

INDOOR SUN: *A new department has been opened for sun-ray treatment at the Royal Westminster Ophthalmic Hospital*

to buy a book or see a play; Just as sometimes you have been intrigued into wanting to meet somebody just because they had such an interesting name!

Bitter Sweet, of course, is a title of genius. And intriguing as was *Point Counterpoint* (nobody ever remembered and got it quite right the first time), *This Way to Paradise* is better for the dramatised version to which we were introduced last week. *Michael and Mary*, the new A. A. Milne adventure, on the other hand, is to my mind a typical example of the poor title, the sort of thing that would never catch your eye if you were looking hurriedly down the theatre list. But perhaps Mr. Milne, like Shakespeare, finds titles his weak suit.

AN ALL-WOMAN ENTERPRISE.—Talking of the theatre—which this column is not supposed to do, but the theatre happens to be both interesting and feminine this week—I think Mrs. C. B. Cochran, wife of our most famous impresario, must have created a record by putting on *Nine Till Six* at the Apollo. The play, privately described to me, not untruthfully and very wittily, by one of our leading dramatic critics as "*Journey's End* in a dress-making establishment" (a compliment it quite deserves), has sixteen characters and not a single man in the cast! It was produced by a woman, Miss Auriol Lee, and has now, of course, in Mrs. Cochran, a woman manager. When I went with her to the dress rehearsal it seemed to me that stage-hands, photographers, and the great C. B. himself, were the only men visible anywhere.

Evelyn Cochran, as a matter of fact, is herself an interesting personality—blonde, suave, charming, but with plenty of individuality. No friend of hers could be surprised by her action in returning from a holiday in the Canaries one day, going casually to see the private production of a play the following evening, and suddenly deciding next morning to buy it and put it on in the commercial theatre herself! Really . . . it *is* fun being a woman these days.

OUTER AND INNER WOMAN TENDED AT ONCE: *Foam baths are the latest beauty fashions*

A MAN speaks on FEMININE FASHION

Women dress to please men, so why not let men have a say as to what pleases them?

By Mordaunt Savage

What man thinks of woman's dress should be of supreme importance to woman, yet unless the man happens to think within a mile of the Rue de la Paix his views are held to be quite beneath contempt.

This is the most manifestly absurd feature of the whole pernicious business of keeping Englishwomen under the double-jointed thumbs of the Latin sex-exploiters who carry on their nefarious business under the title of dress-designers.

By what right have these French dress-designers become accepted as the dictators of style, while the still voice of the Englishman—the man who pays and admires—is allowed to remain as in a wilderness?

Many women will of course deny that they dress to please their menfolk, yet that is the supreme and eternal function of dress; it is the easiest and most naturally adopted form of allure. The desire to spite other women is only a stop-gap and superficial urge.

In the first place it is popularly supposed that we do not bother our heads about women's dress. Men are, in their various ways, intensely interested in what their women wear, and one of the chief facets of their philosophy is that the old dresses are usually the best.

LUMINOUS BLACK: *An evening gown in circular formation executed in satin and worn by Miss Joan Crawford*

A SENSIBLE FASHION: *A full-pleated skirt with a belted coat, silk shirt, and tie worn with a swathed toque*

The average man has no sympathy with the standardisation of dress—apart, alas, from his *own* clothes—and is interested not one little bit with the eternal kaleidoscope of fashion. The impulse behind the seasonal change in dress styles is purely commercial, and he knows it. In short, if to-day's fashion suits his wife, why change it for something less suitable?

Similarly I speak with the voice of truth when I say that nine out of every ten Englishmen are definitely embarrassed by the presence of a too-well-dressed woman. When one realises the intellectual character of the woman for whom the Parisian modes are really created the point of this fact may be made more apparent. Most of us are hostile to the peacock breed of vamp, even in the privacy of a home; but in public the presence of a woman dressed in the style of the Longchamps *pesage* breeds a form of great mental distaste.

I may seem to be guilty of gross exaggeration, but it is none the less true that woman's newly-found freedom is made to seem ludicrous and paradoxical by her illogical attitude to fashion.

Every point of view must be personal, and in the conviction that my views must represent those of millions of other Englishmen, I will now put on record the fact that I think that—

(*a*) The present hat fashions are ugly, and suitable to only one woman in every twenty. Unlike the Continental, it is the woman's face—not her figure—that I first look at. A helmet hat that makes a pretty woman look like a Roman clown is as gross a piece of careless sacrilege as a Rembrandt canvas in an octagonal mother-of-pearl frame.

(*b*) The modern woman's devotion to silly dress fancies so absorbs her mind that she has grown careless about her shoes.

(*c*) The new fashion of putting women in dresses as tightly fitting as sausages is as ridiculously Victorian as the antimacassar.

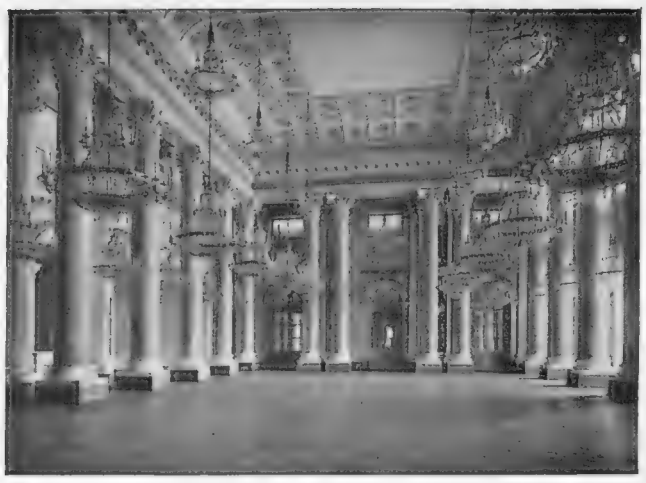
The essence of the average Englishman's philosophy of woman's clothes is not so widely dissimilar from the philosophy of his own sartorial ambitions. The idea aimed at is suitability and reticence, a quiet modesty that shrinks from ostentation.

How many women to-day succeed in such ideal?

I have always admired Lady Astor for the essentially neat and practical clothes which she wears while furthering the cause of one or more of her funny campaigns in the House of Commons.

When the Englishwoman really wishes to be well dressed there are no women of other nations who can touch her. I think of Mrs. Arthur Bendir, Lady Louis Mountbatten, Lady Castleross, Mrs. Richard Norton, Miss Isabel Jeans . . .

These are obvious choices. It is not only because they have the money to employ expensive designers, it is just as much because they dress with taste and skill.



THE GRAND HALL: *Here Prince Carnival made, in the Hofburg, his official entry*

CARNIVAL COMES *to* VIENNA

—although the city is not so gay as it used to be, the magic of Strauss still weaves its joyous spell

by Harriet Dickson

Enter Carnival, bowing right and left. With a wave of the hand he commands the orchestra to strike up the 1930 overture. Then rubs his eyes—is rubbing them even yet—for who would have believed the goodly cheer that still lives in the melodies of Johann Strauss?

A whiff of memory has been wafted over the city. Was not Carnival of thirty years ago an intoxicating feast of Strauss Walzer, sending the revellers home in the early morning hours, while the wizard who was the cause of it all seized scraps of papers or menu cards and scribbled down another of the immortal melodies for his insatiable public?

Strange that thirty years later Strauss should again be holding his own. He has graced the first ball of the season, where the Pen Club made him guest of honour. The honour certainly was theirs, and the atmosphere of an earlier carnival, stately and dignified, owed not a little of its charm and splendour to the youthful spirit of the merry waltz monarch.

Vienna, alas, is but a shadow of her former self, a magnificent and royal shadow. Little wonder if the old inhabitants cling to their past days of romance. They wait for something to happen as they have waited once again for Carnival. Only when Carnival comes creeping in are their heart-strings set a-throbbing by happier memories. And then they wander, lost and forlorn, round their old haunts. They look again at their magnificent palaces and walk in royal gardens. Carnival is dead.

. . . . .

There will be make-believe again, they say, and one event, at least, of the present season has gone for inspiration to the land of dreams. Who would you wish to be? Heads are buried in fashion albums, colours are flaunting their charms. Cleopatra and Madame Sans Gêne share the attractiveness of a Bajazzo in shining black satin suit with hearts in red and gold. Cowboys and Roman warriors, temple-dancers or gipsies, there is the motley crew of life and legend from which to choose.

Till midnight then, you are anyone you like, but after midnight—the unmasking. Afterwards the feeling that Vienna has done something to restore her lost glory. Rejoice, Carnival is dead. Long live Carnival!

ONCE A PALACE: *Schonbrunn, now a resort of the populace*

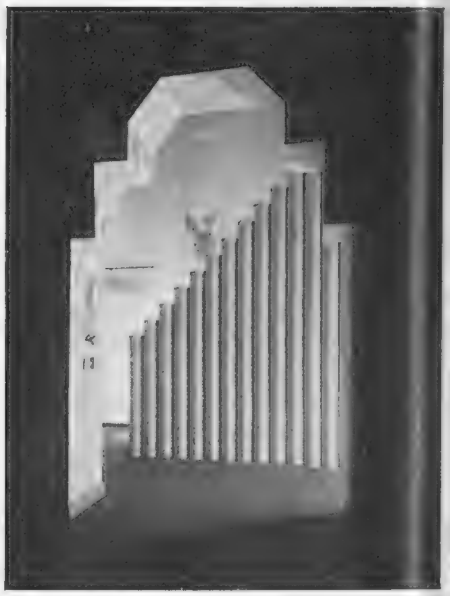
THE HOUSE OF THE FUTURE: *The pyramidal tower behind which is the recessed rectangular edifice*

INSIDE *the* HOUSE *of* TOMORROW

—a striking futurist residence in the United States described

by Derek Patmore

The house of to-morrow! What a fascinating theme for conjecture. I want to look into the future through a crystal, and, like Mr. H. G. Wells, predict all kinds of unimaginable and fabulous developments; houses made entirely of glass and metal, in which there will be perpetual sunshine, furniture that will be unbelievably practical and beautiful and never need cleaning nor dusting; rooms that will always be heated at the right temperature, whether it rains or shines.

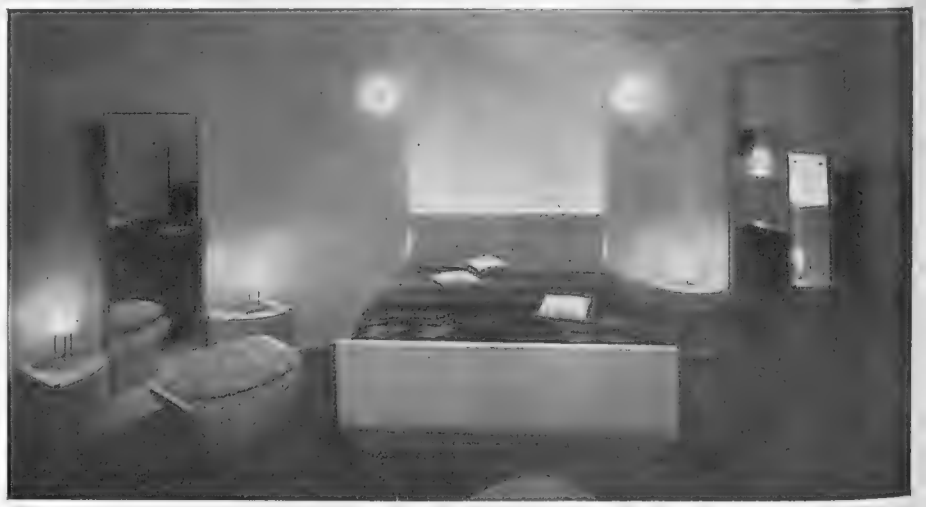


CONCEALED HEATING: *The view into the entrance hall. The grille conceals the radiators*

As a forecast of what may actually happen in future houses, I offer you this interesting modern house, designed and built by Evelyn and Herman Voss in the United States.

This house is worth studying, for it is an attempt to build a very

On left — THE TUNNEL HALL: *This is lighted from the back and has a green glass door*



A ROOM OF REST: *The circular bedroom, the bed on a dais. A three-panelled mirror hangs on the right-hand wall*

modern house without sacrificing comfort and convenience for the sake of architectural theories as has been done by several Continental architects. The façade is very imposing. A tall, square pyramid-shaped tower, inset with a high oblong window, rises boldly above the metal and glass front door, and an effective view of the rest of the house is obtained as it recesses in rectangular form, its gleaming white cement surfaces glistening in the clear air.

Inside the house contains nine rooms—three bathrooms, a large cocktail bar, and an electrically-equipped laundry.

Undoubtedly one of the most interesting rooms is the principal bedroom. This is a circular room which has been decorated in different tones of orchid, violet, and purple. The walls are plain orchid, and the ceiling consists of shades of orchid

MAINLY WINDOW: *This, in the front living-room, is 5 ft. wide by 10 ft. high*

THE LIVING-ROOM: *The love-seats are ranked by the fireplace of opaque black glass*

radiating from a round central light. The lighting of the room is particularly original. Concealed lighting is thrown up from behind the panel at the head of the bed, which is placed upon a platform, and round "port" lights have been placed at intervals in the walls round the room, which give a strong, but diffused light.

Another original room is the dining-room, which has doors in the form of triangles, one of which leads into the breakfast-room. This breakfast-room is a very charming simple room with a large window extending round two walls, thus insuring the maximum of morning sunshine and light.

The living-room takes the whole height of the house, and has a high, concave, stepped ceiling, and is entirely decorated in silver. At one end is a balcony giving on to the upstairs rooms of the house, and lit up with circles of light, in which china and glass figures have been placed in silhouette. Again, the lighting of this room is unusual. Strips of oblong opaque glass have been placed in each corner of the room, and round port lights have been placed high in the walls. The uses of the silhouette have been used to great effect in this room, modern grotesques being thrown into high relief on to the walls by a cleverly thought out arrangement of lighting. The silhouette is so effective and decorative that it is

"THE EAST END": *This aspect of the living-room shows the gated entrance to the dining-room. Walls are in silver, curtains of glass*

surprising that modern decorators have not made more use of this device. Lastly, the tall high windows of the room have overdrapes of transparent velvet in three tones of green.

Regarding the more practical side of the house the central heating has been installed in a very ingenious and sensible manner. Instead of spoiling the rooms with ugly-looking radiators all the central heating has been built into the walls, and the heat given out by means of small silver grills placed in inconspicuous positions. The kitchen is one of the few really attractive modern kitchens I have seen. It is decorated in a gay colour-scheme of green, orange, and yellow, and is equipped with every conceivable labour-saving device.

There is a large underground recreation room and bar with a polished floor for dancing, and upstairs on the bedroom floor a glass door gives on to a terrace in which there is an open-air swimming pool which can be illuminated by electric light.

CUSHION CORNER: *Shot orange and yellow taffetas and striped silk on a window-seat*

FLOOR *and* SOFA CUSHIONS

—any old oddments can be profitably turned to account

by Lesley Barrow

The teasing suggestion, "Make a hat of it," in days of more elaborate headgear, used to be offered to the nimble-fingered woman with a talent for using up scraps of silk, fur, embroidery, or what not. Things which now she utilises in the making of original and charming cushions. We might all do worse than turn out some of the boxes and drawers where pieces of stuff too small for any purposes of dress, old needlework, scraps of fur, or lengths of tinsel and galon are apt to accumulate, and see if amongst them we may not find materials for the covering of sofa cushions as decorative as one sees in the windows of the most expensive shops; long bolsters, round cushions, squares, and oblongs, of which the modern room can never have too many.

FURNISHING A DIVAN: *The bolster cushion is in rose silk, shot mauve and purple damask, and parchment-coloured satin*

One of to-day's needs is for floor-cushions; the bright young people who prefer a seat on the ground to any chair demand them, especially round the fire and on the lawn. These cushions must not be too soft; a horse-hair filling, sometimes buttoned down and tufted mattress fashion, will make the most comfortable seat, which should not be covered with too delicate a fabric. Wool tapestry, furnishing corduroy, the Berlin woolwork borders to some Victorian Utrecht velvet curtains whose too-bright greens and reds have faded to sage-green and rose, or some square of silk damask bought in the sales, which we have never found a use for, are all likely materials.

Chair and sofa cushions should be filled with down or feathers, and allow the luxurious feeling of snugness that only soft inner as well as soft outer materials can give. Paris affects fur-covered pillows, the small pieces of various furs in a variety of browns and blacks being worked into some geometrical design like an old-fashioned patchwork quilt.

"LET 'EM ALL COME!" *The art of furnishing a divan is to pile it with all kinds of cushions*

GIRLS *will be* BOYS

WHERE EAST IS WEST: *Twenty members of t e Budokwai are to give an exhibition of* jiu-jitsu *at the Stadium Club shortly. Miss M. Ree is seen above practising with M. Koizuma*

SHANKS'S PONY: *A member of the walk ng section of the London Olympiads A.C. striding out womanfully on W.mbledon Common*

THE FASTEST GAME: *Ti e first feminine Paris team of ice-hockey players,* Droit au But, *tackle the male Vil'ars team and lose by 5 goals to 1*

ANGELS—VOLANT AND STATANT: *A scene in the Mayfair Gymnasium, conducted by Captain S. F. A. Welsh, late R.A.F. The fair protagonists do exercises which were until recently regarded as suitable to me: only*

THE WORLD OF WOMEN —cont.

MODERN FURNITURE: *Low chairs designed for comfort against a silver "bubbly" wall*

MODERN HAIRDRESSING

—you should know the style: the coiffeur gives effect to it

The day will dawn when discerning woman will dress her hair—not according to an outline of Fashion, nor in a bizarre manner, thereby to achieve some small notoriety—but according to her personality, to suit her individuality as well as her features.

Already, we know, hairdressing experts offer permanent waves that can be adapted to the wearer's especial needs, but at best they *remain* permanent waves — however skilful, always recognisable as such, and inevitably limited in design. What hairdresser can be expected to have a separate permanent wave or manner of hairdressing for every woman who seeks his aid? Yet there *is* an individual style that is meant for each separate owner of a head of hair, if only she will take the trouble to discover it.

A woman must take a little time and trouble to assure herself what style of hairdressing best becomes her. A voyage of self-discovery is necessary—of character as well as of physiognomy! It needs judgment and discernment, and a certain ruthless self-criticism. But it proves an interesting adventure, and in many ways one finds oneself the gainer, by wisdom and understanding and development of oneself, for an occasional mental and physical "close up."

If everyone looked honestly, searchingly, and lengthily into a mirror, there would be no longer those horrors in hairdressing that are all too common to-day. Women with large noses and long faces would cease to dress their hair severely back from the face, thus emphasising their less attractive features; neither would women with *retroussé* noses and laughing eyes attempt the classic pose by smooth and swept-away locks.

That wind-blown look—take *that* style of hairdressing as an example, for it can be used successfully for two or three different types with equal success.

You can yourself carry it off perhaps—it fits into your own personality, that is, in the main, gay and irresponsible, laughter-loving, even frivolous? If your face is on the small side and your eyes are laughing, try your hair brushed up at the back, irregular at the front and sides. Probably in dressing your hair thus you will find you are developing your most attractive personality.

If you are the kind of woman who looks her best in a riding-habit or in severely-cut black clothes for evening wear, and if your nose is fairly straight and not too big, try a centre parting, the side-pieces of hair brushed well back from the cheeks. But don't develop this aspect of yourself unless you are quite sure that it is fitting to your personality as well as to your features.

Dress your hair to become your personality, bearing in mind the fact that features are important, but not *all*-important; that if your hair ought to go just *so*, and won't, then it is the hairdresser's job to make it, *although it is not his job to settle in what way you will wear it.*

N. S.

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THE HISTORY OF ROME INCARNATE: The cross rising out of the ruins of the Colosseum—a true symbol of the Eternal City

The SPHERE of TRAVEL

A Weekly Feature Devoted to the Interests of Travel at Home and Abroad

Edited by CRAWFURD PRICE

Winter in ROME.

Not a Museum City

By MICHAEL SHORNE

I suppose most people expect to see a museum city when they visit Rome. However modern, however cosmopolitan and sophisticated one may feel, it is impossible to resist the historic appeal of the Colosseum, the Forum and the Palatine, and the Appian Way. The Rome of the Romans can give one many a breath-catching thrill. But that thrill is often spoiled by the sight of a hundred tourists and a dozen Baedekers gathered together in the sunshine.

That is why a winter in Rome has such an appeal. You do not see the museum city, but the living city, the Rome of the Italians. Mussolini and the Fascists have done much to rid Rome of the archæological awe which for so many years has hung like a pall over the city. They have achieved this miracle by the simple policy of holding their great national demonstrations in the very places beloved by Cæsar and the citizens of ancient Rome.

Assuming that you have taken that very comfortable train, the Paris-Rome Express, you are introduced to the modern city immediately you step out of the railway station. You are in the region of the principal residential and business quarter, modern houses and offices, among which the railway station itself appears to be the oldest monument

When the Italians first faced the great difficulty of making room for the living among the tombs of the dead they had all the troubles of tradition against them. The city which the Italians found was a serene old place, its reddish-brown buildings embowered in greenery. Its principal roads skirted its neglected antiquities and served to link its principal churches. Its walls had grown far too big for its actual needs, and vineyards took up much of the space within them. In a word, all Rome was mellowly consecrated to the past.

Suddenly the strenuous bustling present swooped down upon it, absorbed it, and proceeded to establish itself. The railway station became, appropriately enough, the centre of its activities. Commerce and the professions gathered in the same quarter, and one may now find this region an excellent example of the prosperity of modern Italy.

Rome is attracting more and more visitors at this time of the year. Travellers are discovering that whereas the Riviera in winter becomes crowded and thereby more expensive, Rome has a charm and the temperate climate of southern skies not to be denied.

To stay in a city built on seven hills is to feel the impulse to adventure in the plains beneath. There are a hundred and one motor tours which one may take from Rome to the country beyond, journeys which are to me like travelling across a classic painting by a Renaissance artist. And against the silver streams you will see many a dark-eyed Gioconda worthy of being captured by a modern Leonardo.

But one ought to say a word about Italian chauffeurs. Besides being as handsome as young gods, they have a craze for speed which may be exhilarating or terrifying according to your temperament. Some travellers will prefer to see the countryside around Rome as Hilaire Belloc saw it, tramping the roads with a bottle of wine in his rucksack. Others may speed across the country in a racing Itala. (The modern Italian would love to show you the plains of Tuscany in this fashion.) For myself the Rome that remains most vivid in my mind was seen from the clouds. An aeroplane flight over Rome is, strangely enough, the finest way to appreciate the old Imperial Rome. One sees the city as the gods saw it, and the smoke that rises might have come from a thousand altars.

I know that when I have spent an afternoon in St. Peter's, or an hour or two in the Forum, sated myself with the art of Raphael and Michael Angelo—whom an American once argued were the D. W. Griffith and Cecil de Mille of the Renaissance—or paced part of the Appian Way, my greatest joy is to sit in the Café Nazionale and watch modern Rome around me. Hundreds of handsome young Romans sit there, discussing politics with all the seriousness of youth. In Paris one is apt to think the Frenchman unworthy of his beautiful women; in Rome one feels the women unworthy of their handsome men. But these men seem to have forgotten their women in the excitement of modern politics.

And during the winter there are unforgettable nights in Rome. The theatres resume their typically Roman atmosphere and repertoire. Florid Italian opera is at its best, and typically Roman fêtes are held among the seven hills. The restaurants adopt a more comfortable air, there is a slippered ease among the patrons, for the tourists in the mass have

A PLACE OF PEACE: The Lateran Palace where the famous treaty between the Vatican and the Government was signed by Mussolini and Cardinal Gasparri

THE SACRED HEART OF ROME: The Piazza San Pietro and its environs, now part of the Sovereign State of the Vatican

departed. You will be able to savour the best of Rome, and see its beauty in peace. And when you depart after a winter holiday in Rome there will be no need for you to throw a coin into the waters of the Fontana di Trevi. For most assuredly you will go back to Rome.

Rome can be reached from London in forty-one hours, the first-class fare being £17 return, or quicker and more expensively by the luxe. *An attractive alternative to the overland route is by Orient Line steamer from Tilbury to Naples. The sea voyage via Gibraltar and Toulon takes eight full days at a first-class return fare of £30. The Orient Line also offer a special holiday tour by sea to Naples and home via Toulon. This allows for four full days in Rome and visits to Florence, Venice, Genoa, and the Riviera. The time occupied is twenty-seven days, and the cost including steamer, rail, and hotels (all first-class), is £56 12s. 6d. Reduced fares come into operation on April 26.*

FOLLOW THE SUN

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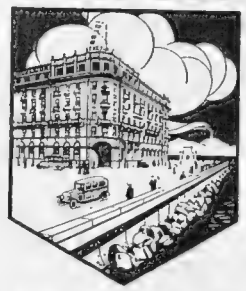

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ROME

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A. Della Casa

Italy offers a surfeit of good things. At Genoa, its greatest port, industry thrives in a beautiful city rich in mediæval glories and surrounded by fascinating resorts, such as Rapallo, where to warmth and sunshine are added the attractions of delicious environment and a modern casino. And Tuscany, where some of the wonders of the world provide a fill of interest and variety.
Then on to Naples. No words can describe her beauteous, sweeping gulf with its vivid and transparent colouring, or the contrasting thrill of Vesuvius in the near distance. Pompeii must be visited, and visited again—it never palls to walk the streets of an ancient civilisation that was wiped out by Nature in a single night. This done, bask in the sunshine at adorable Sorrento.

Naples leads to Rome—or Rome to Naples. Rome is an excellent winter resort, and whether your interests lie in standing where once stood the great Cæsar, meditating upon the handiwork of his modern prototype, or tracing the new limits of the Pope's temporal dominions, there need never be a dull or unprofitable moment.
There is sun in Sicily—sun, wonderful scenery, almost tropical vegetation, and much of the quaint past to intrigue this restless present. Do the whole island—easily reached by rail and ferry or by steamer from Naples—and rest awhile at Taormina, beautifully set overlooking the sea and Mount Etna, before you proceed to exquisite Palermo. Then you will know why people go to Italy and explore the sunny south.

COME TO ITALY

HAVAS

SPECIAL BANKING AND INSURANCE SECTION

The YEAR in INSURANCE.

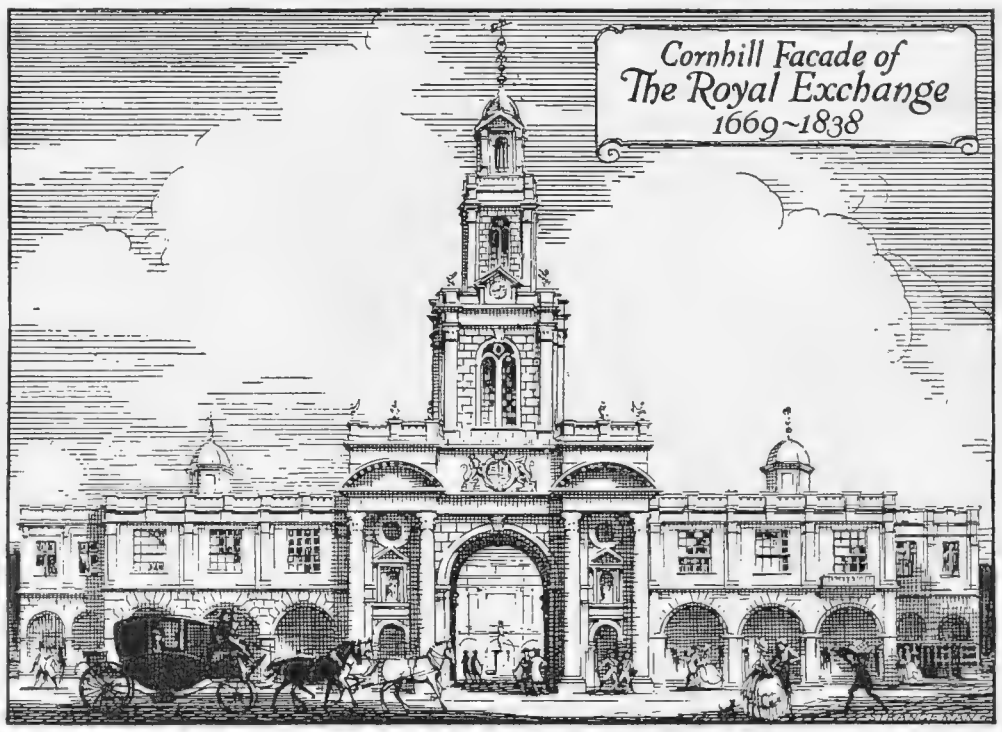
Despite the Adverse Conditions of 1929 many Firms yet Showed an Increase of New Business over that of the Previous Year

By D. CAMERON FORRESTER

THE SEAL OF THE ROYAL EXCHANGE ASSURANCE COMPANY — granted by George I

Although conditions during 1929 did not seem particularly favourable to life assurance business, most of the companies which have reported their new business figures so far show an increase. The London Life Association, which is unique as the largest organisation which employs no agents and pays no commission on any business introduced, again shows an increase in the amount of new policies effected, the total having risen from about £2,200,000 in 1927 to over £2,900,000 last year. Among other offices which show an increase on 1928 are the Alliance, the Atlas, the London Assurance (which establishes a record), the Law Union and Rock, the Legal and General Assurance Society, the Prudential Assurance, and the Sun Life.

Other evidence that the general conditions of the business have remained favourable may be found in the fact that the United Kingdom Provident Institution states that preliminary investigations for the triennial valuation period ended in 1929 indicate that an increase in the already high rate of compound bonus is likely to be justified, while the National Mutual Assurance Society are in a position to repeat the special bonuses declared in 1929 and also to declare a bonus of 15 per cent. on their new series of special low premium-participating policies. The Caledonian Insurance also announces that its rate of interim bonus for 1930 will remain at the high figure of £2 8s. per cent., which was the handsome rate declared following the last quinquennial valuation at the end of 1927.



THE HOME OF THE ROYAL ASSURANCE: The old building which housed this famous firm from 1669 until 1838

PROFITABLE ENDOWMENTS.—It is little to be wondered at that the chairman of the Sun Life mentioned that an endowment policy continues to be the most popular form of contract. Indeed, at the present time there are many such policies which show an ultimate return of well over 4 per cent. compound interest tax free on the premiums deposited, quite apart from the fact that there has been large and increasing life assurance cover throughout the entire duration of the policy.

WOMEN'S INCREASING INTEREST.—The safety of life assurance as an investment is attracting the attention of women to an increasing extent, especially those in professional and business life, and many offices now cater for their needs by means of special policies, especially those forms of endowment which yield a life income at an agreed age, with the option of a cash sum down where that is preferred.

By means of one such recent form of policy, for example, a young woman of 25, in return for a deposit of £15 12s. per annum could ensure a life pension of £50 a year commencing after she had reached 55, or could select a cash option of £743 10s.

INSTALMENT PREMIUMS. — An innovation of the last few years in life assurance which bids fair to have far-reaching results is the system of being able to pay the ordinary annual premium in twelve equal instalments falling due each calendar month. With some offices no extra whatever is charged for this accommodation, while others impose a nominal extra which may range from 2 per cent. to 6 or 8 per cent. added to the usual annual premium. As the instalments are payable by banker's order it will be seen that once an assurance is effected payment becomes virtually automatic, while there is also only a small periodic call on one's banking account to be met instead of a large annual premium.

For the sake of convenience the premiums are, in most cases, fixed at £1 per month and multiples thereof, the cover granted being worked out in proportion. To give an example, in one office each £1 monthly at age thirty would secure an immediate policy—payable at death and sharing in profits—for £480, and this amount would have increased by bonuses at age sixty-five to £935, presuming the profits of the office concerned remain at the present-day figure.

ATTRACTIVE ANNUITIES.—In the financial disturbances which marked 1929 it was not surprising that investors generally became very nervous and, in seeking for a safer channel, were attracted to the advantages of annuities. It is, indeed, rather surprising that this field of investment is not more widely cultivated, because the return on capital is much larger than can be obtained otherwise, while one's income is then stable and certain so long as life endures. A point which should be borne in mind also is that an individual who may be drawing a small income from safe investments could probably maintain this income at the same or even a higher level by re-investing, say, half the total capital in an annuity. By doing so a large margin of locked capital would be freed for other purposes without any decline in regular revenue, and there would be the further advantage that the anxiety connected with dwindling dividends and depreciating stocks and shares would be ended.

To make this more clear let us take for example the case of anyone whose total capital is invested to produce an income—subject to possible diminution—of 5 per cent. per annum. Even then the total income may be so meagre as to necessitate denying oneself many of the small amenities of life. But by means of an annuity which has been well selected a male aged sixty-two, or a female aged about sixty-seven, could obtain a life income of a little over 10 per cent. per annum on the capital invested. Therefore half their total capital would still produce the previous income of 5 per cent., leaving the other half of capital free.

That the capital invested in an annuity is definitely sunk in the event of early death is the most common objection which is raised by prospective annuitants. But it can be arranged that at least the full capital will be returned to the annuitant—i.e., say, £1,000 were invested to produce £100 per annum and the annuitant died after having received £400. The balance of £600 would be returned in cash to his or her estate. But if the annuitant lived long enough to receive the original £1,000 deposited back, the income would nevertheless be continued undiminished until death. It can also be arranged that the annuity will be paid for a selected number of years. For example, if a guaranteed period of fifteen years were selected and the annuitant died after five years, the income would continue to the heirs for another ten years. This does not mean, however, that the annuity is payable for fifteen years only, because if the annuitant survives the agreed period the income is continued thereafter for life.

Another type of annuity which has become rather more popular in recent years is that known technically as a "joint life and survivor" annuity. By means of such a contract an income is paid throughout the joint lifetime of a husband and wife, and is also continued until the death of whichever of the two survives the other.

TRUSTEE EXECUTOR BUSINESS.—A very useful department in the activities of the well-known insurance offices is the facilities which provide for acting as trustees and executors, and even as registrars and transfer agents in return for very moderate fees. The appointment obviates the necessity for future appointments of trustees, and thereby expense is avoided. Experience has also shown that it is quite possible for a corporate trustee to exercise discretionary powers in connection with family matters with as much prudence and sympathy as a private trustee, while at the same time expert business management is obtained in the handling of trusts, settlements, or estates. the Royal Exchange Assurance—now in its third century of active business—is an institution which obtained special parliamentary powers in 1901 to transact such business, and the popularity of the departure is demonstrated by the fact that the value of trust funds now being administered by it exceed £100,000,000 in value. It is of topical interest to note also that the corporation are the trustees of the Hatry settlement fund.

CHAIRMEN OF BANKS WHO REFERRED TO THE HATRY CRASH: Mr. F. G. Goodenough, Chairman of Barclays (left), and Mr. J. Beaumont Pease, Chairman of Lloyds, both of whom referred at their annual meetings to the most spectacular crash the City has known

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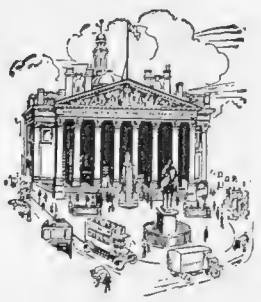

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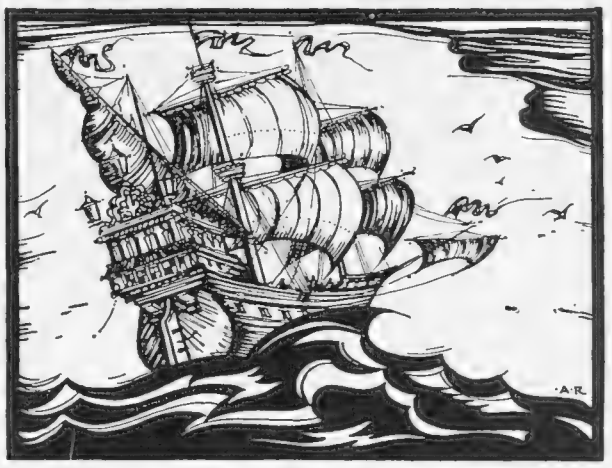

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Paid-up Capital	£1,500,000
Reserve Fund	£1,455,000
Deposits, etc. (as at 31st Dec., 1929)	£37,393,114

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SPECIAL BANKING AND INSURANCE SECTION.

The YEAR in BANKING.

A Note of Sombre but Convinced Optimism Characterised the Official Statements of the Chairmen of three Great Joint Stock Banks

Banking for the past twelve months has been governed largely by an atmosphere of strain. While in 1926 the Great Strike brought business almost to a standstill, and 1927 was taken up largely in recuperating from that terrible stoppage, and 1928 saw business as usual, 1929 had neither disaster — until its last days — nor the impulse of making up for lost time to stimulate its commercial endeavours. The change of Government seems to have had little or no effect on Big Business. A certain sombre optimism coupled with an almost hopeful pessimism characterise the official utterances of the chairmen of the joint stock banks.

With the termination of the year, of course, the Hatry crash, with its revelations of shameless trickery in high places, its hint of a proper investigation into the quality, even the validity of securities lodged to cover advances, its ghastly repercussions on a market none too stable, its probable influence on the Wall Street *débâcle* dominated the City stage. It is a *secret de Polichinelle* that more than one bank was badly hit.

Nevertheless there is a note of sustained hope and cautious enthusiasm to be discerned in the annual report of, for example, Lloyds, an institution known to have made considerable advances to, though it had no money invested in, the companies of the ill-starred Hatry group.

Mr. J. W. Beaumont Pease, the chairman, stated that deposit and current accounts had been maintained at a higher level than in 1928; loans and advances amounted to £4,500,000 more than in the previous year and it had been necessary to lay aside a larger amount of money than usual for bad or doubtful debts. Half-a-million had been laid aside out of the profits of the past year to cover the possible Hatry losses, though so much might not be needed. Despite these provisions, the net profits amounted to £2,542,083—an increase of £13,941 over 1928. His concluding words indicated that in regard to trade and prospects generally, he did not see any reason for being pessimistic. We were faced, however, not only with large additional expenditure on the part of the Government, involving a probable greater burden of taxation, but also with a higher cost of coal, the raw material of all industries, and although it was not for him to say whether these things could be avoided, they would undoubtedly delay the recovery of trade and the improvement in the number of unemployed, now so serious a problem.

AN EDIFICE OF COMMERCE: The new Buenos Aires branch of the Anglo-South American Bank. It has the greatest floor space (20,007 sq. m.) under one roof in the city. The twelve-storey building is executed in various marbles and its magnificence proves the success of the institution it houses

Sir Harry Goschen, Chairman of the National Provincial, stated that the profits amounted to £2,189,704 as against £2,108,663 in '28. In reviewing the annual developments, Sir Harry stated that the fact that during the past twelve months there had been no prolonged or important trade disputes involving protracted stoppages of work had been of material value, and the better understanding between employers and employed, which appeared to be slowly but surely permeating the country, had been an important factor in the improved results achieved in some of our important industries.

Mr. Reginald McKenna, Chairman of the Midland Bank, who has been appointed to the Committee set up by the Government to inquire into the question of the extension of trade through credit, drew a comparison between the position of the Bank in 1847 and 1929, and, dealing with the past year's figures he said: "Deposits amount in the aggregate to £379,500,000, a fall of £15,000,000 on the year. I would remind you that ours is pre-eminently a traders' bank, and that accordingly our position tends to reflect with particular faithfulness a falling off in business activity.

"The reductions in our money at call and short notice, investments, and bills have enabled us to maintain advances at the 1928 level, despite the decline in deposits.

"The reason which has prompted our decision to issue new shares is a very simple one. We feel the scale of our operations has become so vast that the present paid-up capital is too low in comparison with liabilities to customers. The new issue will increase both the paid-up capital and the reserve fund to cover £14,000,000 each, which, together with the balance of profit, will raise the shareholders' funds to more than £29,000,000."

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LIMITED

Chairman:
THE RIGHT HON. R. McKENNA
Deputy Chairmen:
W. G. BRADSHAW, C.B.E., S. CHRISTOPHERSON
Managing Director: FREDERICK HYDE

Statement of Accounts
December 31st, 1929

LIABILITIES	£
Paid-up Capital	13,432,968
Reserve Fund	13,432,968
Current, Deposit & other Accounts (including Profit Balance) £378,529,625 / Balances due to Affiliated Companies 2,919,564	381,449,189
Acceptances & Confirmed Credits	19,779,218
Engagements	17,695,148
ASSETS	
Coin, Bank Notes & Balances with Bank of England	46,918,243
Balances with, & Cheques on other Banks	18,375,202
Money at Call & Short Notice	21,670,909
Investments at or under Market Value	32,928,891
Bills Discounted	58,783,657
Advances to Customers & other Accounts	210,374,230
Midland Bank Executor & Trustee Co. Ltd.:— Loans on behalf of Clients	164,444
Belfast Banking Co. Ltd.:—Government of Northern Ireland Guaranteed Loans Account	1,800,000
Liabilities of Customers for Acceptances, Confirmed Credits & Engagements	37,474,366
Bank Premises at Head Office and Branches	8,964,535
Other Properties and work in progress for extension of the business	1,213,349
Capital, Reserve and Undivided Profits of Belfast Banking Co. Ltd.	1,448,108
The Clydesdale Bank Ltd.	2,940,054
North of Scotland Bank Ltd.	2,356,655
Midland Bank Executor and Trustee Co. Ltd.	376,848

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Limited

Paid-up Capital £9,479,416 Reserve Fund - £9,479,416
Deposits, etc. (Dec. 1929) £272,561,592

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The Petrol World

by A. Percy Bradley

THE IMPORTANCE OF SERVICE.—The average motorist is rapidly beginning to realise that the one word "service" means a tremendous amount to him. Just after and before the War the servicing of a motor-car was little more than a joke, but in recent years the majority of British manufacturers have studied the question very seriously, with the result that the sum expended by a big motor-car maker to-day in this direction runs into thousands of pounds per annum.

Service, of course, strictly comes under two distinct heads, namely, when the car is under guarantee and when it is not. I have had experience with firms which gave excellent service in the first category, but when the guarantee period expired I have discovered to my dismay that it was evidently the policy of those in control to make tremendously high charges to cover the period when adjustments, etc., were carried out free. In fact I have had such a varied career in the world of "service" that this item alone carries more weight than any other when I buy a motor-car. I may be unduly fussy, but I never like work done to my car by anyone other than the person or firm that originally sold it to me; again, I like my service station to be on my door-step.

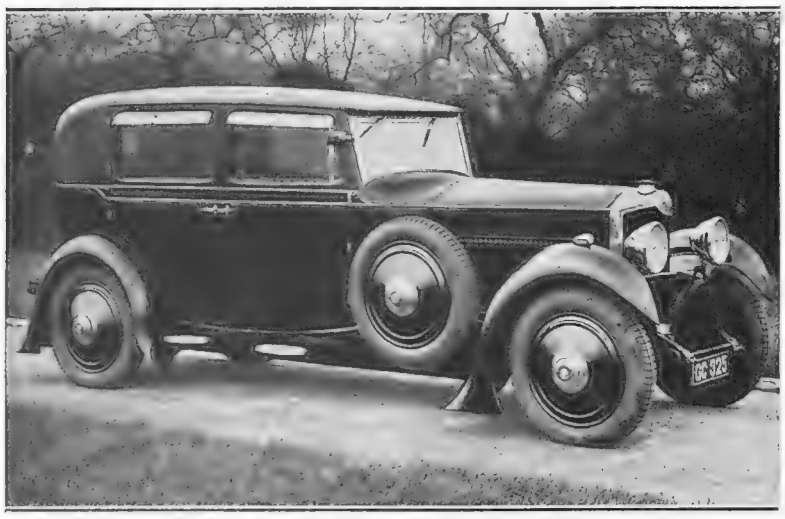
I am such a firm believer in this that at the present time I am endeavouring to sell my car, not because I am dissatisfied with it—on the contrary, it is one of the nicest automobiles I have ever driven—but merely on account of my having changed my place of business, thus finding myself twenty miles from the maker's service station.

The new car I propose to purchase is less expensive, has four cylinders instead of six, and so will be looked upon as a step downwards rather than upwards. But that one word "service" is written so large that I am afraid all other considerations faded into insignificance.

ROOM FOR MUCH IMPROVEMENT.—Whilst touching on this question of service, I would like to warn British manufacturers in particular that although improvements have been made in the departments which deal with such matters, things are far from being right. For instance, a friend of mine the other day brought his car to the makers' service station and complained that there was an annoying thump in the engine. The experts tested the car and heard the knock for themselves. A few days later my friend duly arrived to take delivery of his car, but was told that owing to having taken the back axle down it was not ready for removal. Naturally the owner expressed some considerable amount of surprise that, instead of attending to the engine, a complete set of new bearings had been inserted in the back axle. At the end of the week, however, they promised to have the car ready, and once again the journey to the service station was made. On this occasion the owner learnt that a new set of pistons had been put into the engine, and although he remonstrated he was told that all would be well. After driving the car for two days he brought it back because the thump was, if anything, intensified. Everyone at the service station was most agreeable, most cheery, and immediately consented to replace the original pistons. My friend asked if they had looked at the ignition, the plugs, or even the carburetter, and was told that these had not been attended to, but they would be looked into as it was quite possible that the thump might have some remote connection with them.

(Continued on following page)

The End of the Run: A view of the finishing-post at Monte Carlo, which was the goal of all endeavour to the participants of the world-famous rally. The car seen in the picture is Mr. J. L. Finigan's entry



Modernity Incarnate: A 20.9-h.p. Crossley Super-Six chassis with enclosed limousine body by Victor Broom, just supplied to Mr. R. H. Turner of Turner Bros. Asbestos, Ltd. The very smart lines of the body will be noted, also the beautifully designed mudguards

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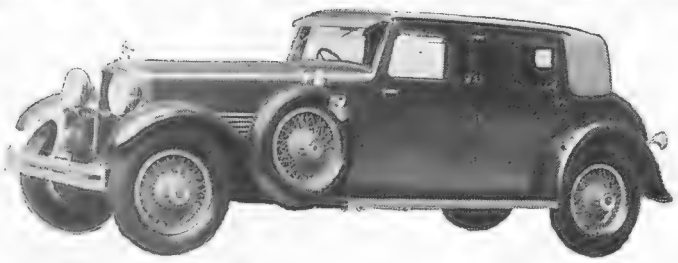

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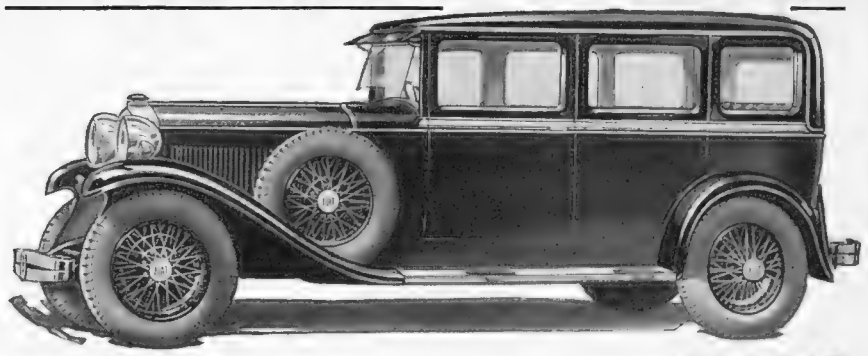

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YOU must try the 20/70 Fiat to appreciate the luxurious motoring now possible at quite a moderate figure. It has all the distinguished appearance, the roomy comfort, the finely finished detail you associate with expensive, specially built bodies, all the speed, acceleration and silence you have hitherto found only in much larger engines. What other car so low in price and with a tax rating of only £25 will give you an honest 75 miles an hour with a fully loaded saloon body?

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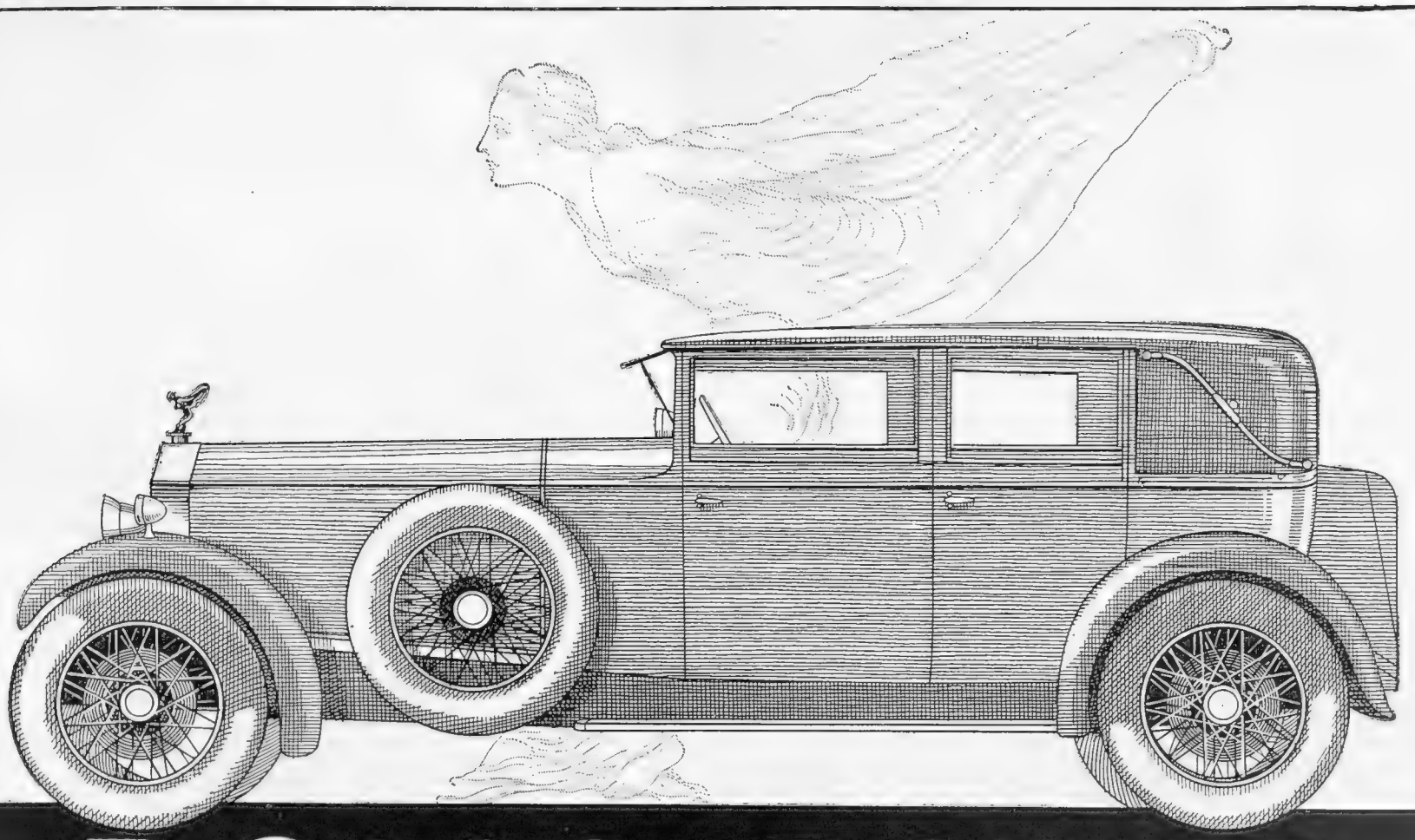

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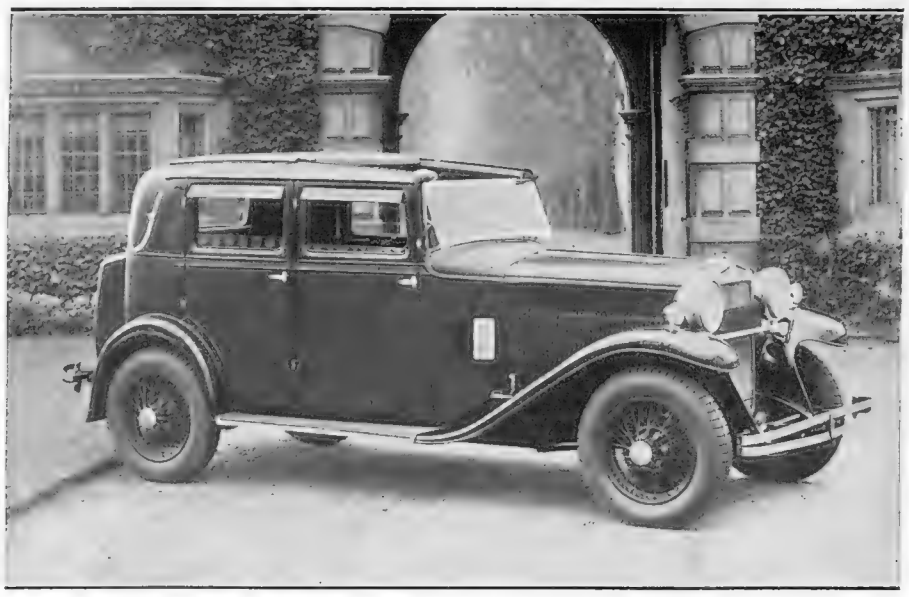

"80 m.p.h.!" A 20–70-h.p. Fiat with an English sportsman's saloon body. This remarkable car is fitted with a super-compression cylinder-head and dual carburetter, rendering it capable of 80 m.p.h. and more with a full load of five adults

The Petrol World

(Continued from preceding page)

It seems a little short of idiocy that new pistons should be fitted before the far more elementary parts and likely causes are checked. Surprise on the part of my friend was quickly converted into alarm, when in due course he received an invoice of over £9. I quote this example as a typical one which demonstrates the complete chaos ruling in certain departments of our well-known motor-car manufacturers. No agreement has yet been come to in regard to the amount, but personally I would say that anyone who paid for a new set of pistons to be put in, taken out, and the original ones put back, when no order for the experiment was given, would be a fool.

When heated words flew round regarding the bearings in the back axle the owner, whose car was still covered by a guarantee, sternly refused to meet the cost. He was politely informed, however, that as the bearings were not the product of the firm manufacturing the car no guarantee by the latter could be given. Even if that interpretation is a strict one according to the law, I think a firm is very foolish to endeavour to save ten or twelve shillings by putting it forward, because in so doing probably hundreds of pounds worth of goodwill are thrown away down the drain. After all, if the manufacturer of the car will not accept responsibility for certain parts and accessories and desires the purchaser to undertake that liability then logically the purchaser should be consulted as to the quality and the brand of components that are built into his car.

AWARDS OF MERITS.—The British Racing Drivers' Club, membership of which is restricted to those who have driven in classic road events, or who have competed in certain Brooklands races, has bestowed three very interesting awards of merit. The first goes to Captain Malcolm Campbell for the two records he established in South Africa; another is allotted to Sir Henry Segrave for his well-known success at Daytona, and the third—and it has an interest all of its own—has been presented to Mr. S. C. H. Davis on account of his outstanding performances in the British Double-Twelve, the Irish Grand Prix, the Ulster T.T., and the 500 Miles races. Although Mr. Davis was not fortunate enough to capture the first place in any of these events, he fought in every one a plucky and most determined battle and gave to the spectators a true demonstration of the genuine sporting spirit which we all like to see in motor-racing. He is a private competitor in the real sense of the word, and drives, as it were, for the mere sport of the thing. These three well-known British racing drivers are to be congratulated on the distinction thus bestowed upon them, as no body or organisation connected with motor-racing is better fitted to single out the "stars" in its own sphere.

A VEXED QUESTION.—Most cars are covered by a guarantee when bought new from the makers or through accredited agents. The period of a guarantee varies from six months, in the case of one car I know, up to ten years or more with others, but purchasers have good reason in the past to discount the value which these guarantees at first sight appear to give. They have also learnt to their cost that the guarantee more often than not expires when the car changes ownership within the given period. But in fairness to the manufacturers I must say that in recent years the guarantee has been interpreted in a more liberal manner than in the past.

Now I hear that the Rover Co., Ltd., have made arrangements whereby any unexpired portion of a guarantee, which in the first instance extends over two years, can be transferred when a car passes into the hands of a new owner. The procedure necessary to affect his transfer is as follows. The new owner must advise the company of his purchase, the company will then reply, giving the date on which the car was originally delivered, and will instruct him to take it to the Rover distributor covering the district in which the new owner resides.

The distributor will then, for a fee of £1 1s., examine the car and report to the makers. The new owner will then be placed on the distributors' books and will receive such service from them and from the makers for the remainder of the two years in the same way as the original owner would have done.

Fuel for the Speedster: One of the British Petroleum Company's lorries being loaded with supplies of the new "B.P." spirit for shipment to Daytona for the use of Mr. Kaye Don on his world's record speed attempt which will be made in March

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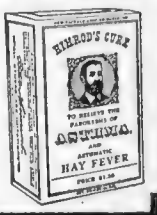

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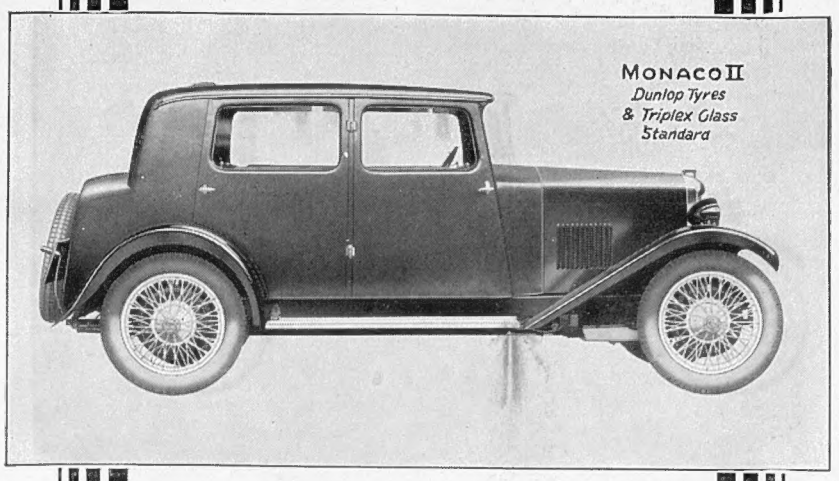
THE CAR THAT'S SET ALL THE WORLD TALKING



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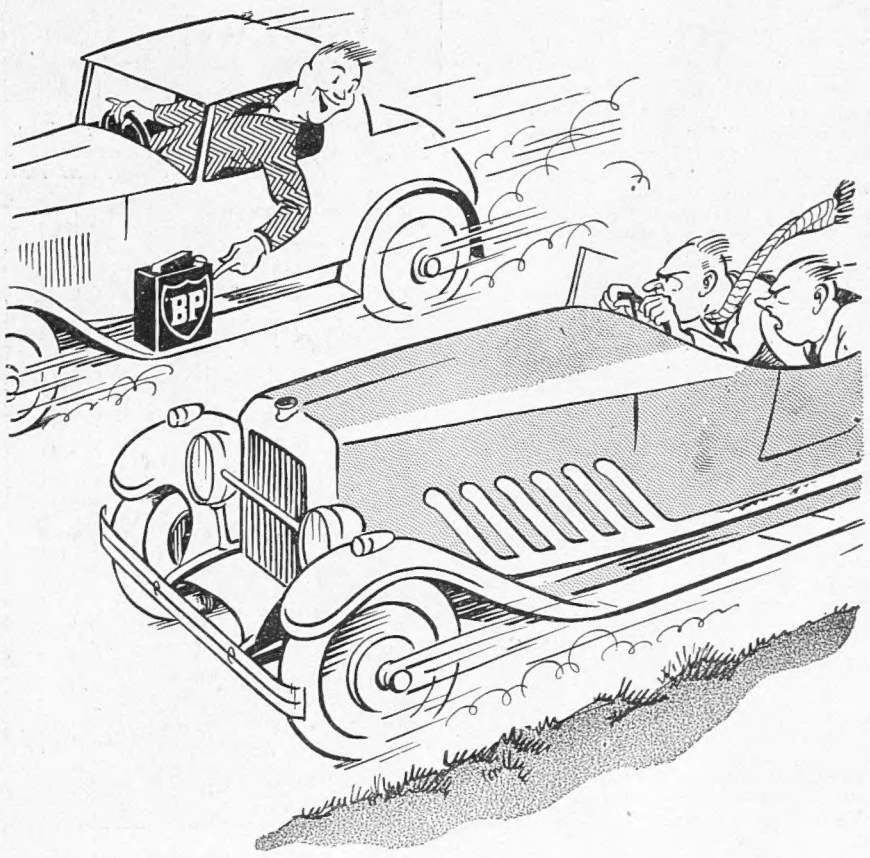

When a baby of modest H.P.
Passed a racer as slick as could be
Said the racer, "What nerve!"
Said the baby, "Observe
How much better you'd run on 'BP'!"

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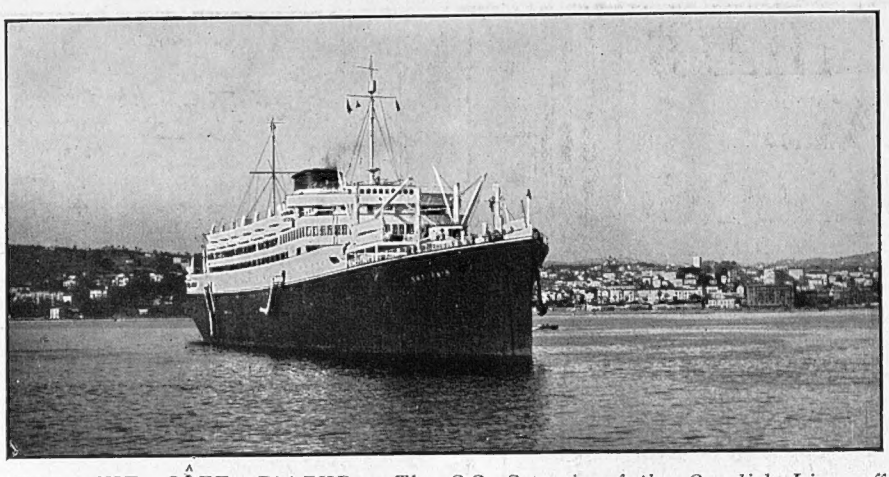
LIST OF NEW COLUMBIA RECORDS

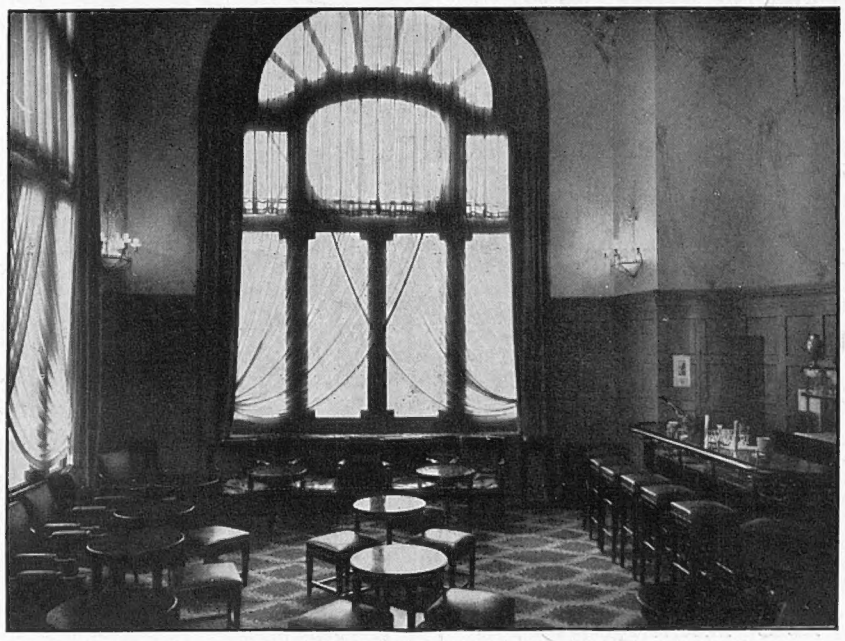
Among other records we have received are the following: "The Tempest —Arise, Ye Subterranean Winds" and "The Heavens Smile (Neptune's Air)" (H. Purcell, arr. A. Moffat); Norman Allin, bass; with orchestra. "Hungarian Dance No. 8" (Brahms-Joachim), and "Souvenir" (Drdla), violin solos by Yelli d'Aranyi; with piano. "From the Canebrake" (Gardner), and "Estrellita (Star of Love)" (M. Ponce); violin solos by Albert Sammons; at the piano, Gerald Moore. "Whispering Pines" (W. Byrne); xylophone solo by W. Byrne; and "Zip Zip" (Byron Brooke); (Marimba solo by W. W. Bennett), both by Sir Dan Godfrey, conducting the Bournemouth Municipal Orchestra. "Hungarian Potpourri" (arr. Dinicu), and "Hora Stacato" (Dinicu), both by Dinicu and his orchestra. "Salut d'Amour" (Sir Edward Elgar), and "For You Alone" (Geehl); Albert Sandler and his orchestra (Park Lane Hotel, London). "Best of All" (Lemoine and Leslie), and "Mary, My Mary" (Dowdon and Leslie); Hubert Eisdell, tenor; with orchestra. "Little Grey Church on the Hill" (Longstaffe), and "Jus' Keepin' On" (Carter and Phillips); Raymond Newell and chorus: with orchestra.

A LIST OF ENGLISH 'CLUBS'

'*Clubs*' for 1930—is the 38th Annual Edition, edited by Mr. E. C. Austen-Leigh, and published by Messrs. Spottiswoode, Ballantyne and Co. Ltd. The information contained in it extends to about 3,950 Clubs, spreading over London, the Provinces, the British Empire, and the rest of the world that is frequented by the British. There are no fewer than 1750 Golf Clubs, to which special attention has been given; the number includes 250 Ladies' Golf Clubs. An Alphabetical Index to Provincial Clubs is of great assistance for reference purposes. In this the Clubs are entered under their name, whereas in the body of the work they are entered under the post town. The book is printed in a very clear type, and handsomely bound in red cloth. The price is 7s. 6d. net.



OFF THE CÔTE D'AZUR: The S.S. Saturnia *of the Cosulich Line, off Cannes, whose casino is managed by M. André, who is also the head of the casinos at Deauville and La Baule*



A PLACE OF MANY PLEASURES: The attractive bars of the salles privées *at Monte Carlo*

AN ELECTRICAL REGISTRY OFFICE

The rapid electrification of the country has involved many who had installed a private lighting or power plant in heavy loss, for they have been able to obtain only scrap prices for their installation. Similarly, in parts of the country not yet electrified, many have either deferred for months and even years a private installation in the hope that the mains will be coming along soon. There is now no necessity for the former class to lose so much money nor for the latter to delay unduly the installation of a plant, for Messrs. Drake and Gorham, Ltd., of 36, Grosvenor Gardens, S.W. 1, have established a sort of registry office for such plants where those possessing part-used materials can obtain a fair price for them, and those desiring to install possibly a temporary, possibly an inexpensive plant, can obtain it at a comparatively cheap cost. Only equipment in serviceable condition and made by recognised manufacturers will be dealt with

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Messsrs. Carters of Raynes Park, London, S.W. 20, who hold the coveted Royal Warrant, have published their new seed catalogue and no one who has at heart interest and pride in their garden can afford to dispense at least with a perusal of its contents. Whether one has a few square yards of ground or a huge estate, one can transform it into a thing of beauty with the aid of this excellent compilation.

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It is a matter of great encouragement to this Society to learn that the Admiralty have awarded both the first and second prizes to *Arethusa* boys who had entered for the Advanced Class Examination for Training Ship Boys. This is the seventh time in succession that the first prize has been awarded to an *Arethusa* boy. A Society which will help boys who would otherwise have had little or no chance in life, deserves every support. Please send a gift to the Society at 164, Shaftesbury Avenue, London, W.C.2.

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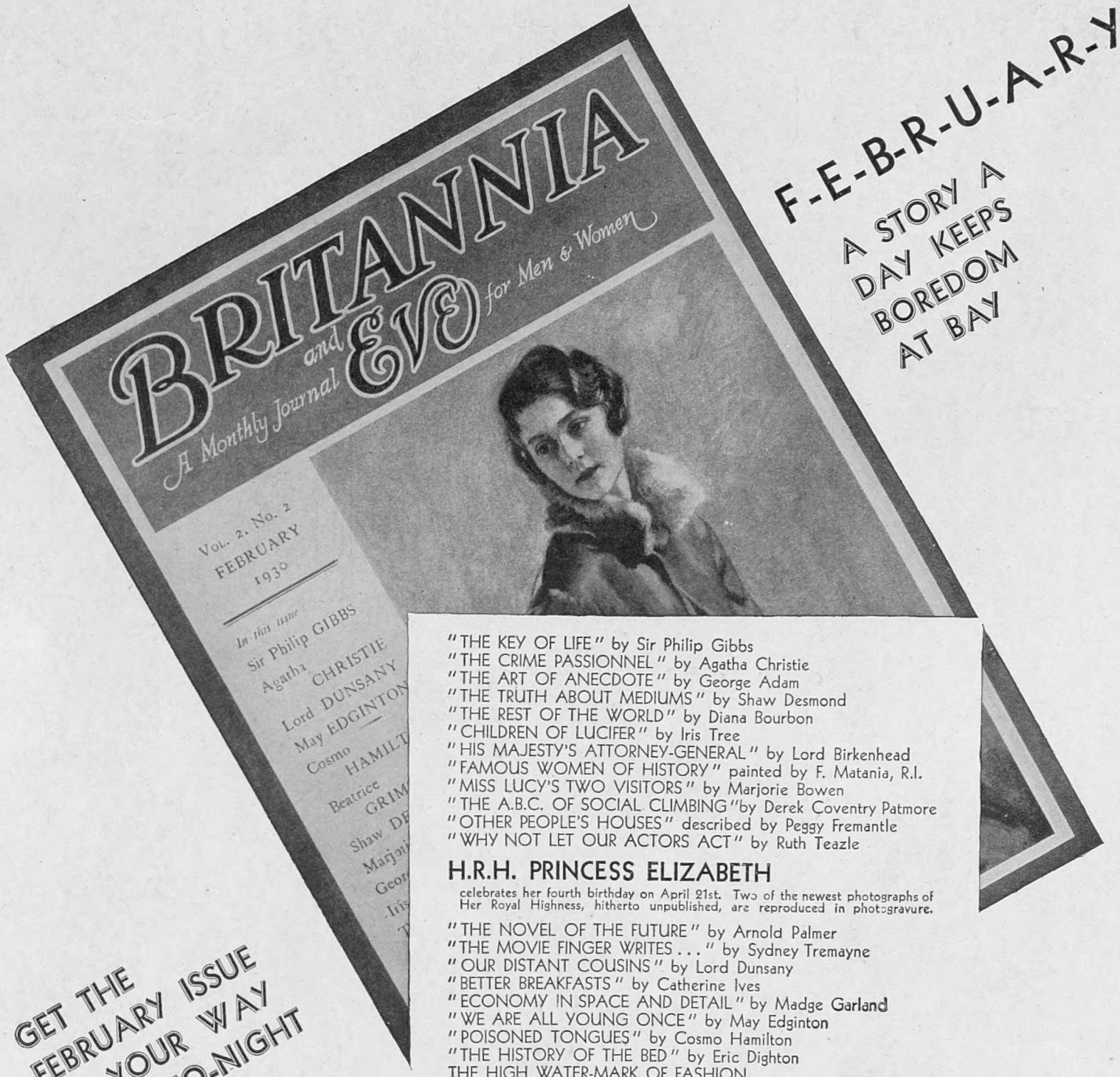

F-E-B-R-U-A-R-Y

A STORY A DAY KEEPS BOREDOM AT BAY

"THE KEY OF LIFE" by Sir Philip Gibbs
"THE CRIME PASSIONNEL" by Agatha Christie
"THE ART OF ANECDOTE" by George Adam
"THE TRUTH ABOUT MEDIUMS" by Shaw Desmond
"THE REST OF THE WORLD" by Diana Bourbon
"CHILDREN OF LUCIFER" by Iris Tree
"HIS MAJESTY'S ATTORNEY-GENERAL" by Lord Birkenhead
"FAMOUS WOMEN OF HISTORY" painted by F. Matania, R.I.
"MISS LUCY'S TWO VISITORS" by Marjorie Bowen
"THE A.B.C. OF SOCIAL CLIMBING" by Derek Coventry Patmore
"OTHER PEOPLE'S HOUSES" described by Peggy Fremantle
"WHY NOT LET OUR ACTORS ACT" by Ruth Teazle

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celebrates her fourth birthday on April 21st. Two of the newest photographs of Her Royal Highness, hitherto unpublished, are reproduced in photogravure.

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"THE MOVIE FINGER WRITES . . ." by Sydney Tremayne
"OUR DISTANT COUSINS" by Lord Dunsany
"BETTER BREAKFASTS" by Catherine Ives
"ECONOMY IN SPACE AND DETAIL" by Madge Garland
"WE ARE ALL YOUNG ONCE" by May Edginton
"POISONED TONGUES" by Cosmo Hamilton
"THE HISTORY OF THE BED" by Eric Dighton
THE HIGH WATER-MARK OF FASHION
"MADAM, DID YOU KNOW . . . ?"
"THE ANGEL OF THE PALMS" by Beatrice Grimshaw
"POKER FIST . . ." by Robert Saudek
"THE SAWDUST PSYCHIC" by Guy Gilpatric
"DISTEMPER" by Violet Small
"ACTIVITY IS THE LAW OF LIFE" by Margaret Gaye
"YOUR DUTY TO YOUR HAIR" by "Chrysis"
"HOCKEY" by Mrs. Eustace White
"BADMINTON MATCH-PLAY" by Alice M. Cooke
THE WOMEN'S GOLF SECTION, conducted by Eleanor E. Helme
THE 'EVE' GOLF COMPETITIONS
"SHALL WE DRIVE A LITTLE FASTER . . ." by the Earl of Cardigan
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